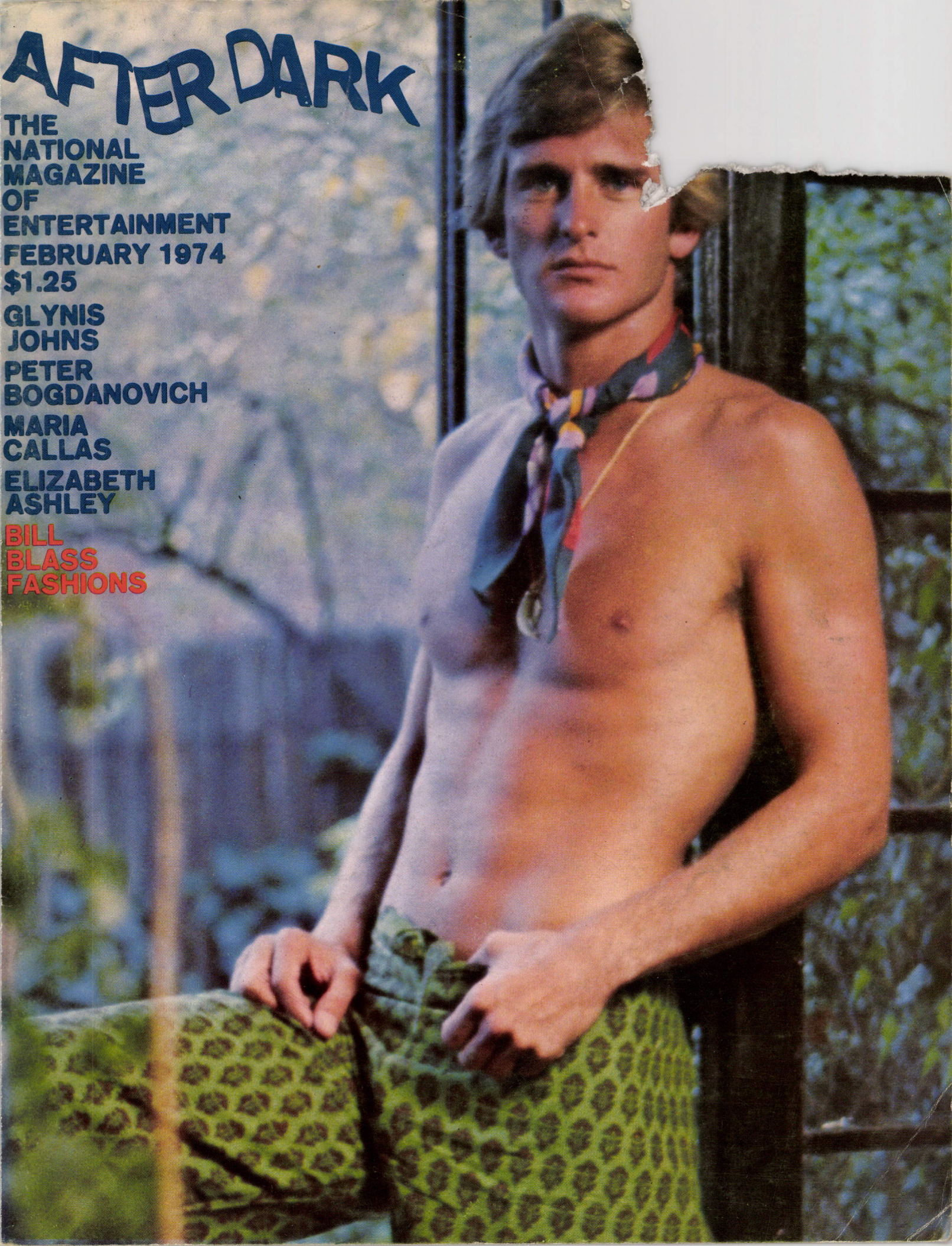


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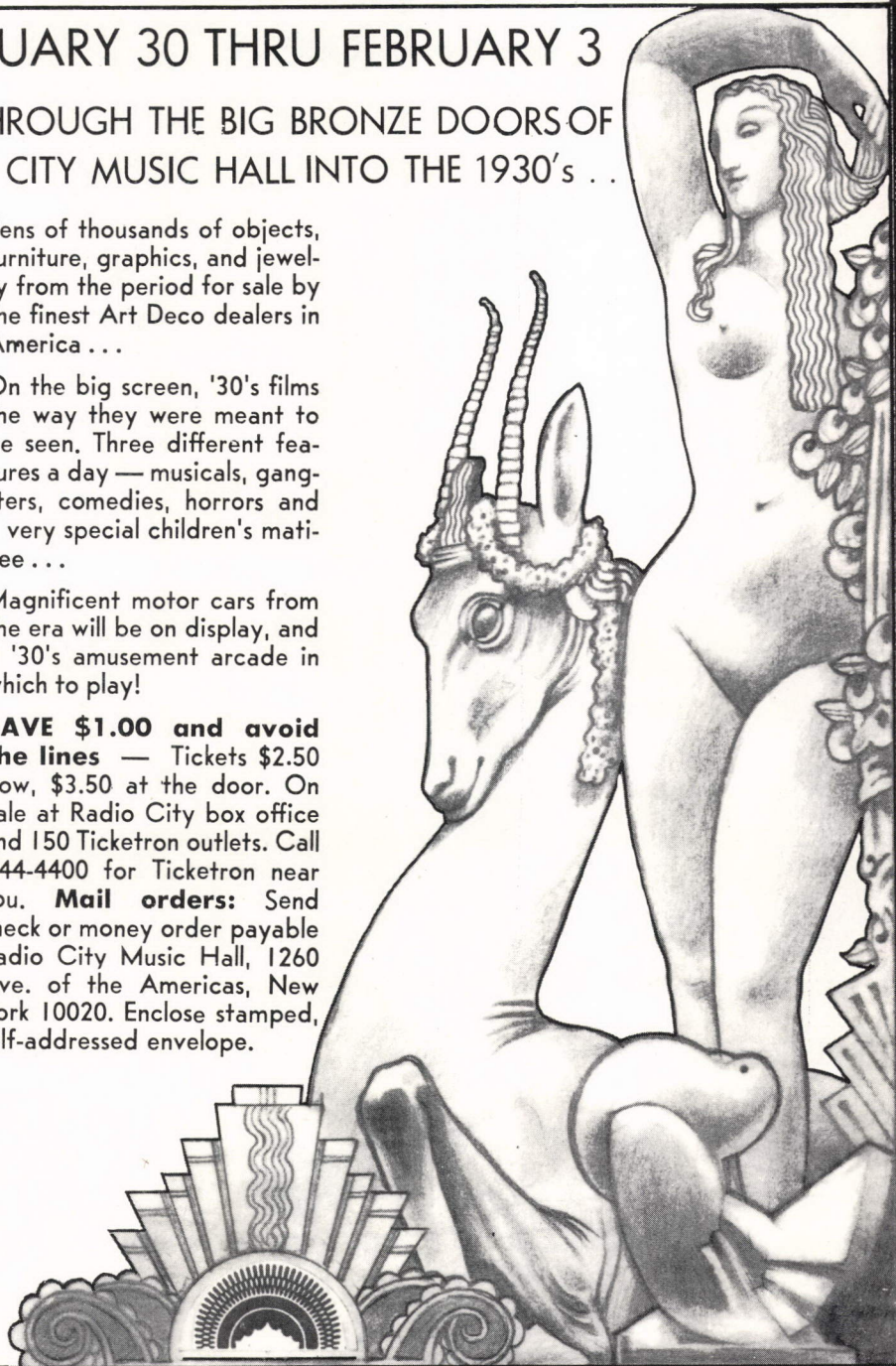
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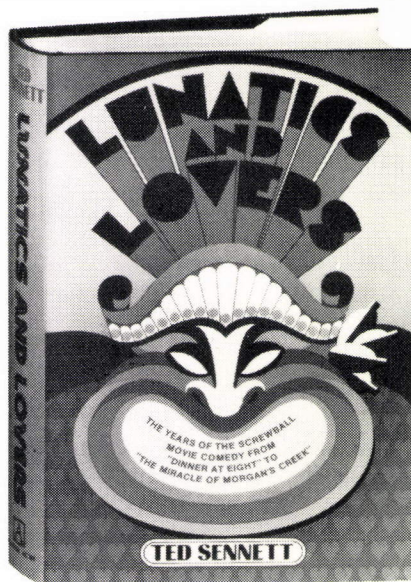
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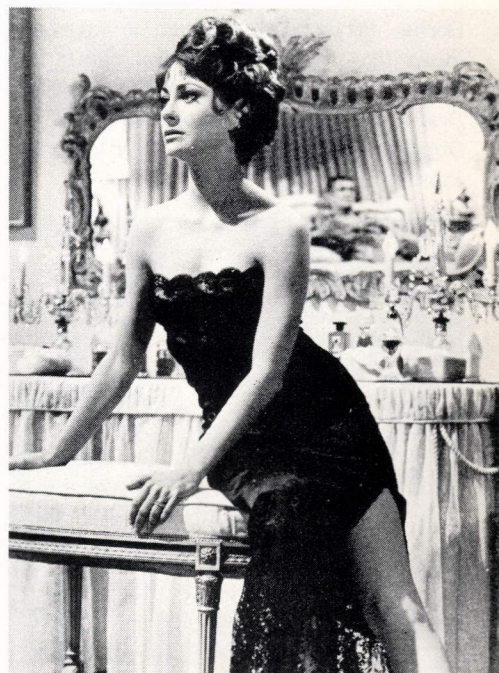
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As d'Artagnan in 20th Century-Fox's soon-to-be-released "The Three Musketeers," Michael York's chiseled features and formidable talents enhance yet another film, and he accomplishes what he thinks is "a person's only valid advertisement—his work." E. Donnell Stoneman captures those qualities of Michael York that truly make him "Someone for Everyone," which starts on page 42. (Photo by Pat McCallum York)



In a gutsy, no-holds-barred interview, Elizabeth Ashley speaks freely about the people and events that shaped "The Rise and Fall of a Broadway Prom Queen." In Shaun Considine's interview, beginning on page 64, she tells of the misadventures that led up to the filming of "The Third Day" (pictured above), in which she starred with George Peppard.

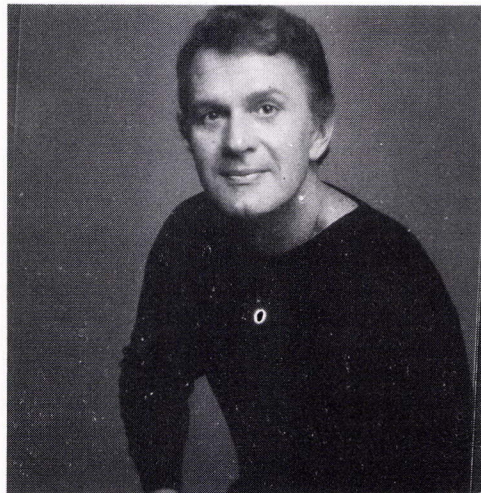
ON THE COVER:

John McMurray, one of the most sought-after models of the fashion world today, sets off designer Bill Blass' provocative wrap-around lounging pants. For more about Blass, turn to page 70. (Photo by Kenn Duncan)

SPEAKING OUT

by William Como

Hollywood Ennui: In Los Angeles for Rod McKuen's recent (Santa Monica) concerts, I was equally impressed with the singer's palatial Beverly Hills home, where at least 300 guests attended the after-performance bash. All passion spent, they staggered freely throughout the spacious rooms, ogling each other, and overflowed poolside and into the garden and fountain area. I had words with George Maharis, who hates New York, but admit he looked good (slimmer) in a burgundy suede suit. Doris Day looked better than her son, Terry Melcher. A newly svelte Zsa Zsa asked me the way to the powder room. Johnnie Ray seemed lost. Ina Balin looked nunnish in black. I was a surprise to old chum, electronic composer Ruth White, who didn't know I was in L.A. Henry Mancini, Phyllis Kirk, Cara Williams, Lorna Luft, Lainie Kazan, and Patricia Fitzgerald were others I counted amidst the mascara and glitter before the Scotch took over. . . . Guy Richards, who owns Ménage à Trois in Beverly Hills, threw a party for me the same weekend. Young John David Carson (*Day of the Dolphin*) was there with Kim (*True Grit*) Darby. (They're very much in love and it looks like "I do's.") Several guests asked where they could buy *After Dark's* *Out of Drawers*, *Pose*, and *Reaction*, and the *Kenn Duncan Nudes*. Answer: Hunter's Book Store in Beverly Hills.

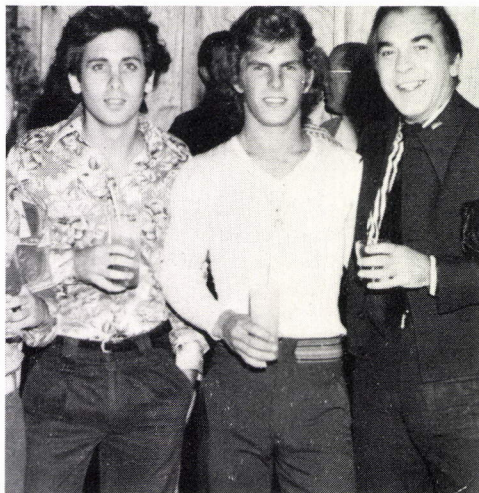


Jim Paul Eilers (above, photo by David Vance), owner of the Marlin Beach Hotel, recently gave a party honoring *After Dark*. Editor William Como (at far right) joins Brian Alves (center) and photographer David Vance as he enjoys the Fort Lauderdale hospitality in the hotel's Poop Deck Restuarant. (Photo by Richard Laughinghouse, Miami)

Running Time: Jim Paul Eilers, who owns the Marlin Beach Hotel in Fort Lauderdale, threw a great *soirée* to honor *After Dark*. Publisher Jean Gordon, Advertising Director Louis Miele, and I flew down to Florida as guests of the hotel. It was

mind-boggling to greet 200 beautiful readers of the magazine who were on hand to mix and mingle. Eilers, formerly a New York actor-model-producer, appeared in the off-Broadway revival of *Out of This World*. At his Showplace Club in New York, he produced the original *Little Mary Sunshine* in 1957 and Jerry Herman's *Nightcap 1958*. He now runs She and The Flying Machine, two nightclubs featuring live music for dancing. . . . I lost more than my shirt at the recent opening of the M-G-M Grand Hotel in Las Vegas, where I was a guest of the management. Enjoyed sampling the menu in each of the hotel's seven restaurants—especially Café Gigi. Reminiscent of the Palace of Versailles, the huge entrance door and mirrors are from the actual set of the movie *Marie Antoinette*. It was also great to catch Ann-Margret's new act at the Tropi-cana.

In old New York: On my way home from a party, an elevator door opened and there was Wayne Turnage, an opera singer with looks to match the voice. Remember him in Pasatieri's *The Trial of Mary Lincoln*? Catch up with him in a near-future issue of *After Dark*—I did, over a nightcap. . . . Bette Midler's version of "Surabaya Johnny" on her second Atlantic Record beats all. It's the first thing I listen to in the morning and the last before going to bed—if I go to bed. . . . What would I do without David Klein's fantastic Davel limousine service? The drivers (actors who double as chauffeurs) are the best and most courteous in New York. Addicted to their care, I couldn't possibly go



any other way.... An inside tip: The *After Dark* gang will be haunting Rita Dimitri's La Chansonnette, January 29 through February 9 to hear its latest discovery, singer Michael Vita. If you care enough to hear the very best, join us!

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WHAT'S IN THE NEWS: The New York Scene

by Patrick Pacheco

One doesn't have to go to Las Vegas to know that everyone loves a winner. In very little time a lucky man is surrounded by friends cooing and spurring him on. And the loser? Well, he picks up what's left of his chips and goes home, usually alone. New York's finest gamble is Broadway, and, unfortunately, winners are few and far between. Drama critic Marilyn Stasio recently wrote a perceptive and intelligent book,

Broadway's Beautiful Losers, and on the opening leaf is a winsome and delightful poem by lyricist-playwright Howard Dietz, portions of which follow:

"Sing a lament for the plays that fail/A dirge for the shows that fold./A tear on the bier of the flops of the year/And the tickets that couldn't be sold.

"Sing for the actors who practiced in vain/Lines that were labeled inept and inane/Sing for the orchestra down in the pits/Playing the numbers that sounded like hits./... But make it a wake for the critics' mistake/The Beautiful One that died."



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"A MUSICAL TO DELIGHT
—PURE MAGIC!"

— Clive Barnes, N.Y. Times

"THE SMASH HIT OF THE SEASON!" — Stewart Klein, WNEW-TV

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EUGENE O'NEILL, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220

So here goes a toast to Broadway's (and off-Broadway's) losers, and, though they have been plentiful this season, not all have been beautiful.

On the top of the list is *Seesaw*, a musical that put on stage what M-G-M put on film. Splashy, vibrant, and funny, it was a valentine to New York that strangely never really caught on. An interesting note on *Seesaw* is that, in addition to the initial \$750,000 investment, another \$500,000 was raised to cover operating losses and promotion, so that the total loss was well in excess of one million dollars when the show closed. Hence, a show that ran six months on Broadway was as great a loss (if not greater) as *Dude* or *Via Galactica*, two of last season's most expensive flops. However, a wonderful cast album (on Buddah Records) and a national touring company (Robert Goulet and Carol Lawrence have been mentioned for the leads) of the show could yet help recoup losses. Broadway's *Crown Matrimonial* was also a beautiful loser, containing a radiant and majestic performance by Eileen Herlie.

Giving regards to off-Broadway, one would have to mention Mart Crowley's *A Breeze from the Gulf*, mainly for Ruth Ford's tour de force performance; *Nourish the Beast*, the most delightful and charming comedy of the season; *The Foursome*; and Theatre Four's double whammy, Arthur Laurents' *Enclave* and *Nellie Toole and Co.*, the latter starring the omnipresent and ever unpredictable Sylvia Miles.

Perhaps the comet Kahoutek has infused this lackluster season with some winning energy. It looks that way with Leonard Bernstein's *Candide*, sporting a new book by Hugh Wheeler and some new lyrics by Sondheim, moving to the Broadway Theatre

next month after a triumphant, hard-ticket run at the Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn. The Chelsea's previous offering, David Storey's *The Contractor*, also opened to rave reviews, and, come February 12, they will be going for a batting average of 1 000. with Christopher Hampton's *Total Eclipse*. A stunning work, it details the destructive love relationship between the two famous French poets, Paul Verlaine and Arthur Rimbaud.

Another big winner is the Circle Repertory Theatre Company, which first presented Lanford Wilson's award-winning *The Hot! Baltimore* and Mark Medoff's *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?*—both successfully moved to regular off-Broadway runs of their own. The latter play at the Eastside Playhouse features an incredible tour de force performance by Kevin Conway. Their latest offering is *The Amazing Activity of Charley Contrare and the Ninety-Eighth Street Gang*, which opened at Troupe's Playhouse on January 20, and it is



Patti and Maxene Andrews (center and at right) are joined by Janie Sell in close harmony as the two remaining Andrews Sisters prepare for their theatrical stage debut in "Over Here!" This new "big Band" musical goes into previews on February 20 and premieres on March 6 at New York's Shubert Theatre. (Photo by Augustus Ginnocchio)

supposedly well in keeping with the highly set standards of this admirable group.

Also, moving to the McAlpin Rooftop Theatre this month after a very successful showcase at the Greenwich Mews Theatre last December is *Fashion*, a new musical by Steve Brown and Don Pippin and directed by Anthony Stimac. A few seasons back, this same talented team had come up with a sprightly musical, *The Contrast*, which had an all-too-short run off-Broadway. The new show about a group of affluent, vacuous, society matrons who revive early American plays is even better. With a predominately female cast, many playing dual roles (some male), it should enjoy a long run at its new home. While at the McAlpin, don't miss dining at the McAlpin's unique Bavarian Cellar, one of the oldest and most exotic restaurants in New York. Dick Richards of WHBI broadcasts his interviews with famous people from there daily.

The national touring company of that exquisite musical, *A Little Night Music*, is being mounted, and signed for the leads are Jean Simmons in the role of the desirable Desirée and George Andrews as the lawyer, Eggerman. Elsa Lanchester has been offered the Hermione Gingold role of Madame Armfeldt.

Good News, Harry Rigby's revival of the 1927 musical, has cut short its proposed nine-month pre-Broadway tour, and will be in New York this April. A curious note about the casting of *Good News* occurred when Wayne Brian, auditioning for the role of Bobby, sang an obscure Da Sylva, Henderson, and Brown song called "Never Swat a Fly." Brian was not only signed to the role, but the song was also incorporated into the show.

If Harry Rigby has Alice Faye and John Payne, then Kenneth Weissman and Maxine Fox (*Grease* producers) have Patti and Maxene—Andrews, that is. And people, no doubt, will be saying *bella, bella* when these stars of the new musical, *Over Here*, begin singing the new Richard and Robert (*Mary Poppins*) Sherman songs at the Shubert

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Eleven members of the Ballet of the 20th Century will perform in the New York premiere of Maurice Béjart's "Stimmung" (pictured above), to music by Stockhausen, at Carnegie Hall on February 14 and 15. Mr. Béjart, artistic director of the company, will be one of the recipients of the Annual Dance Magazine Awards on February 13 at the Regency Hotel. (Photo by Serge Lido)

Theatre on the 20th of this month. The show previews until its opening on March 6, so put on your platforms and go!

Remember the girl who stopped a car by raising her skirt (while a bewildered Clark Gable looked on) in the film, *It Happened One Night*? Well, now Claudette Colbert is stopping the show at the National Theatre in Washington, D.C., as the star of a new comedy, *A Community of Two*. The show, also starring George Gayne, is on its second installment of a six-month pre-Broadway tour which will reportedly bring it to New York in the fall.

The Alwin Nikolais and Murray Louis companies will bring multi-media modern dance theater to the Lyceum Theatre from Feb. 5 through March 3. The Nikolais Dance Theater begins a two-week run on February 5 with the premiere of *Fixations*, one of the nine works they will perform in repertory (including another premiere, *Scrolls*). Alwin Nikolais, the choreographer and director, not only composes the electronic music for all the dances, but he designs the elaborate lighting and sets as well. Murray Louis, a student of Nikolais and his former leading dancer, created his own company in 1968. His dancers will appear in an engagement extending from February 19 through March 3. They will present eight works in repertory, including New York premieres of *Porcelain Dialogues* and *Scheherezade*, the latter being described at its world premiere in Indianapolis as "lavish, lush, and one of Murray Louis' most elaborate works to date." Also, Maurice Bejart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century performs at Carnegie Hall, Feb. 14-15.

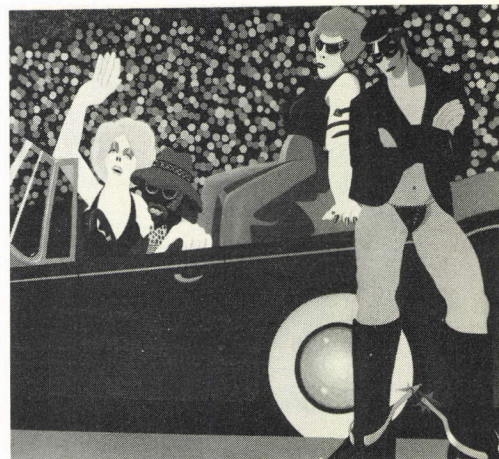
For years, producers have been trying to lure the first lady of the musical stage, Ethel Merman back on to Broadway. Only the latest of multiple offers is the leading role in *The Girl Who Wore Glasses*, a new musical

Paul Zindel has written about Dorothy Parker, the marvelously witty writer. Chances are that the legendary lady would more probably opt for certain producers hopeful plan to present Ethel Merman at the Palace for two weeks, alternating nightly between two shows, "An Evening with Ethel Merman Singing Cole Porter," and "An Evening with Ethel Merman Singing Irving Berlin." That would be a show that would surely "be the tops."

The Art Scene

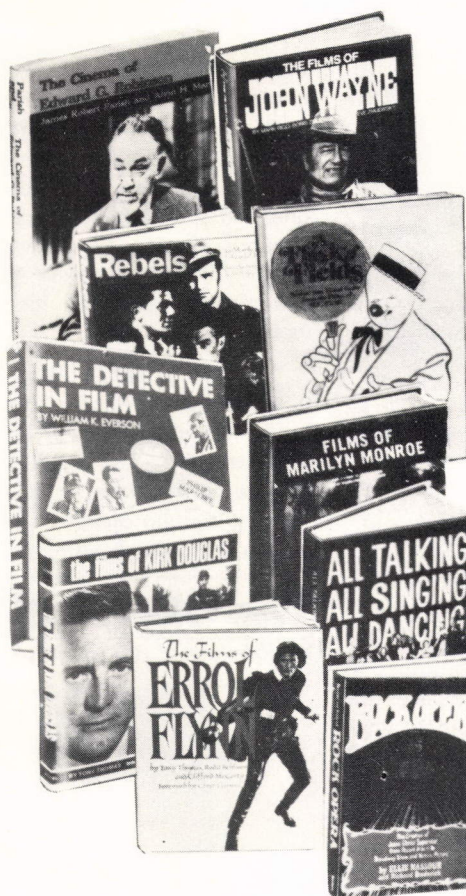
by James Nash

The new year has brought a wealth of exciting talent into the New York galleries. The watercolorist and illustrator, Alexander Ross, recently exhibited a batch of fine, delicate oils at the Eric Galleries (61 East 57th St.) proving that the old cliché and the cloying truism can still be transmuted into a compelling artistic form. Sundrenched flowers and nudes in postures of decorous



"Come and Get It" is the title of a painting which is a part of Lee N. Brohsgold's current exhibition at the Rabinowitch/Guerra Gallery, 63 Crosby St. N.Y.C.

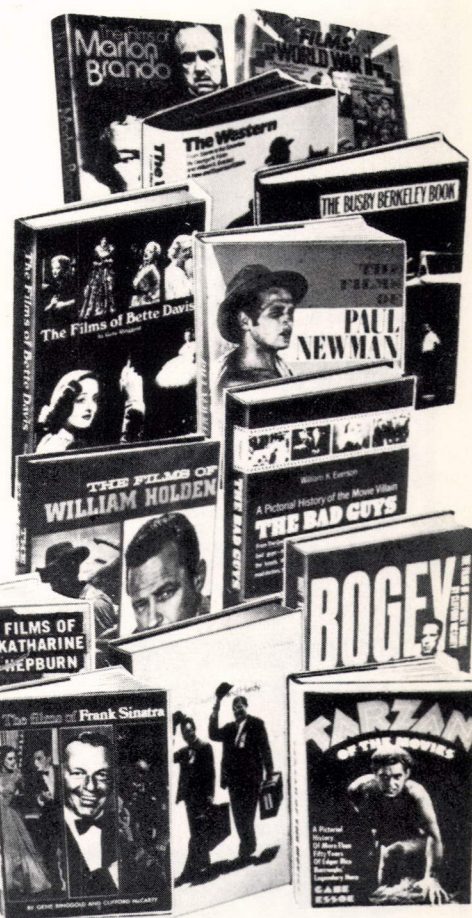
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This portrait of Eleanora Duse by Alice Boughton is one of the 310 reproductions in Within Gallery's "Catalogue II, 1974: Rare and Contemporary Photographic Prints and Books," available for \$7.50 at the Witkin Gallery (243 E. 60th St., N.Y.C. 10022).

abandon continue to assert a commanding attraction by the very composition of their presence.

Soho 90 (99 Spring St.) continues to surprise and delight. Until January 23, Eunice Golden and Sharon Wybrants-Lynch share the stage with their unusual and provocative paintings. Figure painters both, their unique angle of vision permits the viewer to do his own arranging of the anatomical parts at his disposal.

Acquavella Galleries, Inc. (18 East 79th St.) has been exhibiting the marvelous, not to say overwhelming, bronze and silver figurines by Enzo Plazzotta. Of particular interest to many of our readers will be the beautiful sculpted studies of the dancers Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell in a number of dance roles and in portrait busts.

For a less beautiful (but no less true) vision of reality there is a stunning exhibition at the new Rabinovitch/Guerra Gallery (63 Crosby St.). Lee N. Brozgold paints "dreams of reality" with the flat brilliance of an insult as he shows us the demimonde with all its characteristics deliciously exaggerated.

A superbly designed show, organized by Robert Littman of the Emily Lowe Gallery at Hofstra University and called *The Male Nude*, has been drawing many viewers to the Hempstead campus. This is a retrospective of a concept: The works represented date from 2nd-century Roman medallions to a 1971 oil by Milet Andrejevic which shows the dreamy languor of a rather modern *David*. The surprise of the exhibit is a never-before-shown Rubens that depicts two male figures who later appeared in the much larger *Death of Sennacherib*. Helen Carr, of

the gallery, told us that future exhibits will include a Diaghilev-Cunningham review of art created especially for the dance theater. It is tentatively scheduled for an April opening.

Harry McCormick at the ACA Galleries (25 East 73rd St.) is one of those industrious realists who can paint anything to perfection. A Wyeth-like isolation is offset by an opulence of texture. It is all imagination, verve, the romance of another century and, above all, rich springs of talent.

Bill Sullivan is enjoying his second one-man show, which is set to run through January 30, at the Bowery Gallery (135 Greene St.). Mr. Sullivan is an involved and committed artist and his works are well worth seeing.

Photographer Jack Mitchell's work is currently on exhibit through February 9 at the Bonino Gallery (7 West 57th St.) in a show entitled, *The Artist As Subject—In the Original Sharp-focus*. It is a collection of Mitchell's photographs of painters and sculptors, some pictured with their work.

The Classical Scene

by John David Richardson



Harpsichordist Paul Wolfe will give his first New York recital in ten years on Thursday, February 21 at 8 p.m. in Alice Tully Hall. (Photo by Christian Steiner)

It would be reasonable to expect that, after a tenure of over 20 years as General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera, Sir Rudolf Bing would now be in some corner of Switzerland breeding begonias. Not so! And it is a tribute to the man and an asset for this country that Sir Rudolf is busily using his wealth of knowledge and experience, first as a Distinguished Professor of Arts and Management at Brooklyn College, and now in the same capacity in that college's newly formed School of Performing Arts as well as functioning as Director of College-Community Cultural Affairs. Titles be damned, this is no sleeping giant. The name of Bing has clout. His advice on the nature and scope of future professional artistic programs at Brooklyn College and his contact with the community



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will be no mere public relations job.

Sir Rudolf is currently spearheading a Shakespeare series in Brooklyn, with classes and seminars and performances, all in conjunction with members of England's Royal Shakespeare Company. With the School of Performing Arts as a basis, Bing as the *primum mobile*, and the areas of dance, music, and theater as points of concentration, the world can expect a "Flowering of Brooklyn" and a major impact on the arts in New York, the nation, and the world. Thank you, Sir Rudolf!

An announcement of great import came from the New York Council on the Arts. In the next few years, with funds matching the Council's initial \$200,000, various artistic groups throughout New York state will be hearing newly commissioned works from 69 U.S. composers, most of them residents of the state. Included will be works of jazz, chamber, choral, and orchestral music from the pens of the well-known and the successful as well as from the young and obscure. Among the well-known are the names Crumb, Foss, Schuman, Hovanes, Pasatieri, Gillespie, Del Tredici, Carmines, Dello Joio, Babbitt, Gould, Wilder, Carter, Sessions, and Thomson.

Despite the rather chauvinistic motive of "keeping New York state's position as the center of new music, both nationally and internationally," the program is also geared to encourage private and corporate support (through the matching funds) in commissioning new compositions. The results of all of this too will be enjoyed nationally and internationally—but New York first.

FEBRUARY CONCERT CALENDAR

Avery Fisher Hall
3,4(m),5,8,10,11(m),12,15,17,18(m),19,
29,31 New York Philharmonic
6(3:00) Great Performers
(Guaneri Quartet)
6 Blues 'n' Roots
7 Philadelphia Orchestra
13(3:00) Artur Rubinstein
13 Edward Boatner Chorale
18 Great Performers (Ella Fitzgerald)
20(3:00) National Symphony Orchestra
20 Nancy Wilson and Richard Pryor
24,25,26(8:00 and 11:00),27 Johnny
Mathis
27(3:00) Symphony of the New World

Alice Tully Hall
4 Emily Frankel (dance recital)
5 Daniel Sher and Boyce Reid,
duo-pianists
6(5:00)7(2:00),8,18,20(5:00) Chamber
Music Society
6 Robert Sylvestre, cellist
7 Lee Luviet, pianist
9 Ida Krehm, pianist
10 Nuits Musicales
12 Sine Nomine Singers
13(m) Aaron Shapinsky, cellist
13 Judith Alstadter, pianist
14 New York Pro Musica Antiqua
15,29 Marie-Francoise Bucquet,
pianist
16 George Neikrug, cellist
17 Kathryn Kienke and Michael Cannon,
piano and violin
20 Ingrid Dingfelder, flutist
21 Gabriel Chodos, pianist
23 Philips and Renzulli, pianists
24 Ely Haimowitz, pianist
26 Erick Friedman, violinist
27(2:30) Anthony Newman
27 Newer and Newer Music
28 Jerry Zimmerman, pianist
30 National Jazz Ensemble
31 Nordic Choir of Luther College

New York State Theatre
New York City Ballet
Carnegie Hall
9 Horacio Gutierrez, pianist

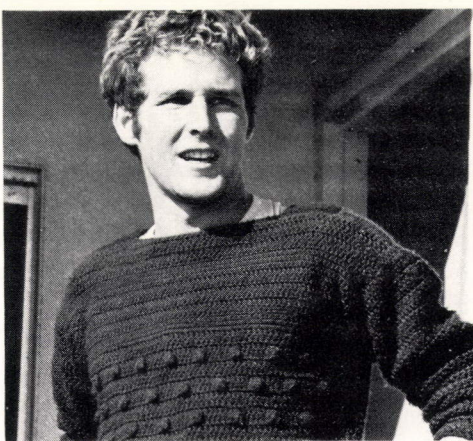
11 Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano
12(2:30) Charlotte Bergeret Conducts
13(2:30) Rudolf Firkusny, pianist
14,23 Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra
15,16 Warsaw Philharmonic
17 Zola Shaulis, pianist
18(8:00 and 11:30) Raphael
19 Charles Mingus
20(2:30) Montserrat Caballé, soprano
20 Opera Orchestra of New York,
"The Pearl Fishers"
21,24 St. Louis Symphony Orchestra
22 Artur Rubinstein, pianist
25 Jean-Pierre Rampal, flutist
26 New York Jazz Repertory Company
28 American Symphony Orchestra
29 Roy Ayres and The Sylvers

City Center
Through Jan. 6 Ballet Folklorico
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Town Hall
10(5:00) Encore (Maureen Forrester and
Benjamin Luxon)
10 Isis
16(5:45) Interludes (Nikky Giovanni)
17 "And Now a Little Help from Our
Friends"
21 The Composer Speaks (Alberto
Ginastera)
22(2:30) Midday Medley (Hermione
Gingold)
23(5:45) Interludes (Novella Nelson)
24 Night of Black Artists
29(2:30) Midday Medley (Henny
Youngman)
31 Vivica Lindfors "I Am a Woman"

Brooklyn Academy of Music
3,4,5(m and eve.) Erick Hawkins
Dance Co.
9-27 Royal Shakespeare Co.
"Richard II"
15-27 Royal Shakespeare Co., Sylvia
Plath's "The Three Women" and verse
29,30 The Actors Co., "The Wood
Demon"
31 The Actors Co., "The Way of the
World"

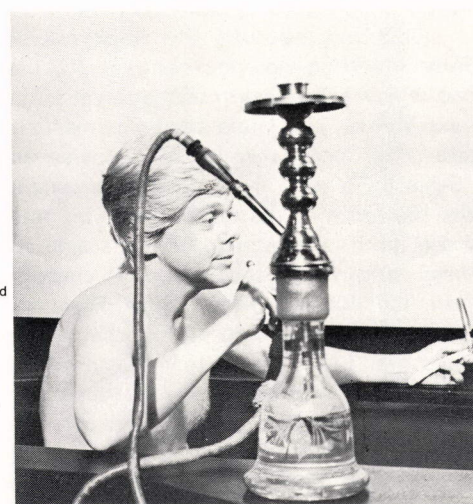
FILM STUFF



Timothy Bottoms keeps cropping up all over the screen these days and for good reason: he's talented. Bottoms has cropped his hair since his Harvard days in "Paper Chase" for 20th Century-Fox's new film, "Vrooders Hooch."



Movietown hipster Peter Fonda is off his bike and on the road in 20th Century-Fox's "Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry," a comment on today's floundering values.



Paul Williams, the cherub-hero of Brian De Palma's chiller, "Phantom of the Fillmore," is shown here in the film as an unhappy 19-year-old about to do away with himself rather than face "old age." A hip devil, lurking about, however, sees that he keeps this hobbit crooner alive and well throughout the DePalma romp. (Photo by David B. Rawcliffe)

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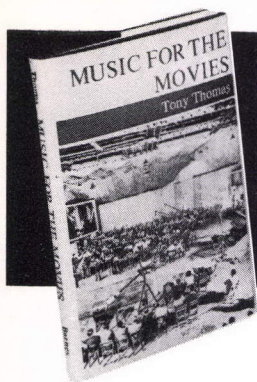
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ON THE TOWN: London Seen

by Michael T. Leech

A production of Ferenc Molnár's *The Wolf* started at the Oxford Playhouse and tickets quickly became hot. It's a bit of Hungarian hoop-la, a Ruritanian-style camp and only moderately funny. It features a heroine with a head-ful of romantic rubbish and her rather dull, devoted husband who provides a counterweight to the lady's fantasies. He goes from a quivering ant-heap of jealous emotions to a kind of resigned acceptance of his wife's capers as she pursues the dashing soldier of her dreams in a sequence that one cannot give away. It's a clever, trick part that features the lady, aptly named Vilma, involved in several manifestations of her hoped-for lover. Finally, faced with the fact that George Szabo isn't the superman she wanted, the lady-like flirt of act one turns common, a rather stuffy, stupid bitch.

Molnár's comedy is half-blown, clever in parts, but rather yawn-inducing in others, though I liked the clipped-lip dialogue of the third act and the surprise of act two is nicely conceived by director Frank Hauser. The acting is, as so often happens in less-than-perfect plays in London, very good, and Judi Dench, as Vilma, Edward Woodward, as the dashing but dull lover, and particularly Leo McKern, as the husband, are all well worth the price of the ticket. The closeted, middle-European sets and costumes appropriately sum up 1911 in plush-and-tassel Buda and Pest and are by Alix Stone. *The Wolf*, along with other successes like *Dandy Dick*, will probably keep the stage of the Apollo busy for quite some time to come.

The Royal Court's *The Rocky Horror Show* is getting more successful all the time and is now scheduled to start a run at UCLA next spring. This undoubtedly is meant to give this mad brew of old movies and "Science Fiction" (as enchantingly sung by the Usherette at the beginning) a bit more space for its atmosphere of high camp and sheer far-out fun that currently emanates from the 400-seat King's Road Theatre in Chelsea. Don't be put off by the title, as some have been—Rocky Horror is a muscleman created in a laboratory by the star of the show, Tim Curry, who enters in a kind of half-drag, downturned painted lips, mad eyes, spiked heels, and strapped stocking belt. Squealing and contorting like a tough stripper in a dockside bar, he minces along the central ramp of the theater singing "I'm Just a Sweet Transvestite (from Transsexual, Transylvania)," and the audience loves it up.

From then on it's all a very tall tale with beginnings in all the late-late movies you

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ever saw—including a young couple, the epitome of decent America, who get snarled in all sorts of dirty doings. (Eventually both are had by Frank-N-Furter—alias Mr. Curry—in two consecutive and enormously funny scenes. Says Curry, "I find the women in the audience have a great sense of humor. When I go down on Brad, it's always the women who laugh first. Barry Humpries called that scene the Phantom Fellatrix!")

Most credit for *Rocky's* success in London must go to Richard O'Brian, who besides writing book, music, and lyrics, also appears in the piece as a zombie-attendant at the house of horrors. His music and songs are particularly memorable. Jim Sherman directed the show like 90 minutes of non-stop ghost-train ride.

In New York

by Norma McLain Stoop
Tops This Time:

The great Sarah Vaughan's finely crafted musical instrument of a voice filled the Continental Baths with sound in all its variations. Vibrant and flexible, it imbued such songs as "The Nearness of You" and a deliciously scatted "I'll Remember April" with overtones they've never had before. "It's crazy here!" she cried happily as the audience cheered her work. Yes, crazy about Sarah Vaughan!

On The Concert Beat:

That "phantastic" phenomenon, Bette Midler, proved that top entertainment can draw capacity crowds, come snow or falling stockmarkets. At the Palace, in a tri-colored metallic dress and an orchid behind her ear, she harangued the audience, camped, put herself down, and—best of all—sang. With Barry Manilow, the Harlettes, and a good band backing her beautifully, she gave us all the favorites we hungrily awaited, but not as much new material as I had hoped for. Next time, I'm sure.



The ever ebullient Alaina Reed is delighting crowds at *Brothers and Sisters*, *The Grand Finale*, and *When We Win* with her new act, which includes a "Diva Patrol." Andre De Shields and Arnold McCullough. (Photo by Roy Blakey)

Nightspot Smorgasbord:

Duke Ellington was his usual self—a pianist, bandleader, and personality of endless know-how and consummate charm—at the packed Rainbow Grill, whose urbane, handsome maitre d'hotel, Renzo Bigi, handled the overflow audience with never failing aplomb.

Dynamic Marilyn Sokol (with the impishest eyes ever) is an exceptionally accomplished actress-comedienne-singer who gave a sparkling, riotous performance at Reno Sweeney, ably accompanied by John Wal-lowitch. She has a crystal voice that she can turn to plastic, tin, or brass at will, and she is both talented and lovable—a hard parlay to beat!

For a thoroughly enjoyable evening, hear Franklin Roosevelt Underwood at Muggs (62nd and 1st). From "Anything Goes" (with his own very bawdy and "in" lyrics) to a beautiful "That Old Black Magic," his voice and piano will give you a good time.

At the Continental Baths, Bob Garrett and The Hot Act (Cheryl Barnes, Candy Brown, and Ellen March) have a fast paced act that never slips out of high gear. Merry Lynn Katis' staging, Cheryl Hardwick's musical direction, and the high professional polish of the performers make this an act ready for big things. Garrett's solo was handled with finesse, and watch out for that Candy Brown—she's future dynamite.

Follow-Up:

When I originally saw Alaina Reed at *Brothers and Sisters*, she was a fine intimate-boite singer. Now, wow! At the Grand Finale, she had costume changes and two boys (the Diva Patrol) behind her—a real act. The smooth production values, wide diversity of material, easy patter, and becoming costumes prove not only that she's aiming high, but with all that and her winning voice and personality, she has more than a good chance of realizing her fondest dreams.

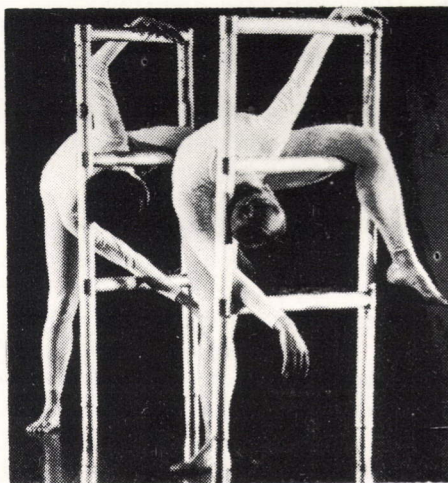
In February:

Rainbow Grill: Jan. 28, Lionel Hampton for four weeks. Plaza Persian Room: 11-16, the Luv Machine; 18-March 2, Monique Van Vooren. Waldorf Astoria Empire Room: 12-25, Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin; 26-March 9, Joel Grey. Shephard's at the Drake: 4-March 2, Jesters. Jonathan's new Nostalgia Room: Jan. 24 through February, Paula Lockheart and Delilah alternating at a 9 o'clock and a 12 o'clock show, week-ends. Rainbow Room: Italian Fortnight II, Jan. 22, for two weeks, dinner and supper and Sat. and Sun. brunch. Café Carlyle, through the 23rd, the great jazz pianist and composer, Mary Lou Williams. Continental Baths: 20, Freda Payne for two shows. Town Hall's 2:30 Midday Medley Series includes Eugenia Rawls' "Salute to Tallulah" on the 12th, and their 5:45 Interludes Series includes Theodore Bikel on the 27th.

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In D.C.

by Noel Gillespie

February Events: Music and Dance: *Good News* 4-16, NYC Ballet 19-Mar. 3 (both Opera House); Capitol Ballet, 12 (Lisner); Washington Dancers in Repertory, 14-7 (American Theatre); Harlem Dance Theatre, 12-7 (Ford's); *Elisir d'Amore* 14-8 (Baltimore Opera). Theaters: *Freedom of the City* (Eisenhower), *Coward in Two Keys* (National), *Arturo Ui* (Arena Main), *Community of Two* (Mechanic, Baltimore), *Hay Fever* (Center Stage), *Government Inspector* (Folger). University: Giradoux's *Elektra* (Catholic), *Playboy of the Western World* (Georgetown), *Three Penny Opera* (GWU), *Beaux Stratagem* (Maryland).

In its world premiere, David Turner's *The Prodigal Daughter* (at the Eisenhower) was probably too serious for its farcical style. Wilfrid Hyde-White's comic genius almost saved it despite Stephen Elliot's frequent incompetence.

The New York revival of *A Streetcar Named Desire* held the Opera House stage for a memorable week, featuring Lois Nettleton's striking performance (in the tradition of strong Blanches like Tallulah Bankhead). Also in November, Liza Minnelli made her Kennedy Center debut at the Opera House in a benefit for the National Ballet—such exciting and non-stop activity would be unbelievable if described and not witnessed.

National Ballet, itself, brought the annual *Nutcracker* to the Kennedy Center for the first time during December. The revised choreography and scenery looked even better in the Opera House than last year at Lisner. Kevin McKenzie danced a promising Prince and other especially noteworthy performers were Michelle Lees, Kirk Peterson, Dean Badolato, and Edmund LaFosse.

Not one, but two versions of the *Barber of Seville* were presented by the Opera Society of Washington. Despite the mostly all-American casts, the Italian text was more intelligible than the English. Nevertheless, the use of the vernacular proved a worthwhile idea. Both casts were surprisingly strong in a production characterized by good taste in almost all aspects.

If the rest of John Philip Sousa's operettas are up to the level of *El Capitan*, as offered in a revised revival at Ford's, we have an American competitor for Gilbert and Sullivan. The work is fresh and vigorous, avoiding the cloying sentimentality of Romberg, and the book is genuinely funny. John Cullum did yeoman work in the lead but all the singers and musicians deserved congratulations, particularly conductor Lynn Crigler.

The L'Enfant Plaza complex is providing a variety of interesting entertainment. At

the American Theatre, the extended run of the delightful parody *Something's Afoot* (now on tour) just ended. Much of the success of this production was due to Tony Tanner's split-second staging, ably handled by the fine cast headed by Lu Leonard.

Frank Harvey's *The Day after the Fair* (Eisenhower) was a deceptive work—beginning as a lightly sentimental piece, it develops into a deeply ironic tragedy. Deborah Kerr's was a superbly projected characterization. Some may find the play superficial, but it attempts a full recreation of Victorian feelings—the playgoer must surrender to the rhythms and premises of an era that is past.

Camp, costumes, and conviviality were part of the order of the evening at Janus Theatre's Winter Snow Queen Ball at midnight Dec. 15. Conceived as the setting for the East Coast preview of *The Greatest Story Overtold*, with Bette Midler as the Virgin Mary, the sold-out event was far and away the most successful of a glitter week-end that also included poorly attended concerts by the New York Dolls and Lou Reed. The film is to be re-edited before general release but the social event was a true happening, regardless.

In Boston

by Laurence Senelick

For several years now Kaleel Sakakeeny and his Stage One ensemble have been preaching the gospel of Grotowski through various adaptations of myth, ritual, and third-world dramatic forms. They bear a close family resemblance to other such humorless and quasi-mystical groups, their emphasis on eliciting a visceral reaction through physical extension and vocal experimentation. Seldom is heard a literate word in their productions and such is the case in their current variation on the theme of Euripides' *The Trojan Women*. Four limber actresses and one inarticulate actor writhe, groan, howl, shriek, croon, vividly recreating Olivia de Havilland's snake pit; however, any likeness to the first family of Troy is strictly coincidental. Much of the audience sat respectfully attending to what they figured must be virtuous, it seemed so intense and earnest, though a few teen-aged girls in the first row spluttered their visceral response, a gaggle of hysterical giggles. It would be nice one of these days to see a production of *The Trojan Women* that was not about loony bins or refugee camps or Vietnam or even The Human Condition, but about the Trojan women, made eloquent by the Greek dramatist.

E. M. Loew's National Theatre, the new home for the Boston Philharmonic, suffered from the heating crisis last month. The audience, swaddled in furs and one another,

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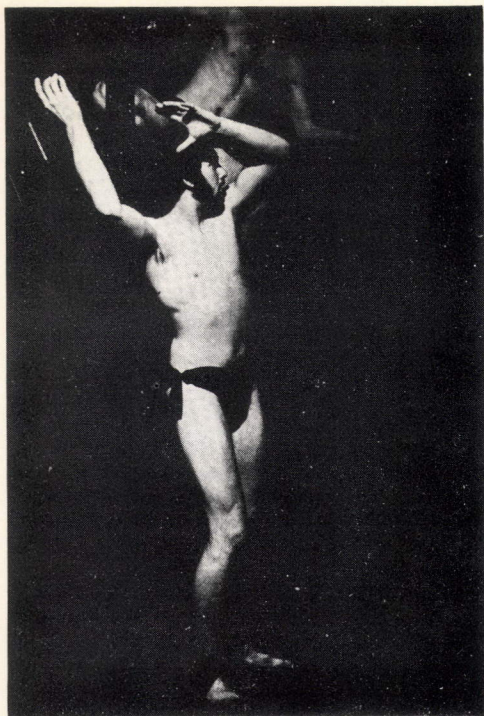
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Michael Fulginiti hurls the last Trojan prince to his death in the final scene of Kaleel Sakakeeny's version of "The Trojan Women" at Stage One, Boston. (Photo by Marjorie Lenk)

concentrated on the music in an attempt to forget the ambient cold. The Philharmonia is noted as a group that executes works thought too obscure or too "trivial" for the Boston Symphony; their level of achievement is high, their performances often exciting, though previously bad programming has provided too many anticlimaxes.

A Mozart overture and a Beethoven symphony are normally a hard act to follow, but when succeeded by Billy Wilson's Dance Theatre, there was no sense of let-down. Wilson's company, all black except for his wife Sonja van Beers, uses classical ballet techniques to create modern forms. Their success varied from interesting-but-muddled in *The Velvet Gentlemen* (based on Erik Satie piano pieces) to brilliantly vibrant in the blues from *Black Light*. The dancers used high-stepping and routines usually seen at the Apollo to display their spot-on sense of controlled dynamism. Their funky pancha brought the befurred house to its feet.

Theatrical superstition says it's unlucky to quote *Macbeth* offstage; there are cases when this is true onstage as well. A recent production of *Macbeth* at the Loeb Drama Center was remarkable chiefly for the witches' cauldron, a well lit from within by what looked to be neon. This gave it the aspect of a penny arcade Gypsy fortune-teller, especially when it began to leak an electronic voice. David Gullette's bloody thane made some fine sense out of the elegiac moments in act five, but the rest of the cast must have studied *The Art of Coarse Acting* to perfect their mumbling.

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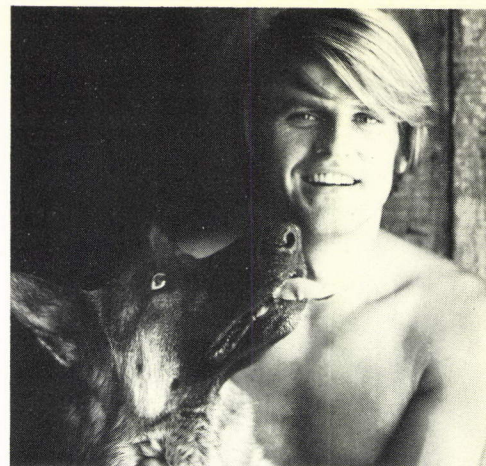
by Viola Hegyi Swisher

Since Hollywood relies on Canada for 10 percent of its gross, Canada's Astral Bellevue Pathe figures Canada should be actively involved in 10 percent of productions made for world consumption. To this end, upcoming on ABP's slate with Hollywood producer Sandy Howard are *The Devil's Rain*, rolling in June; *Magna One*, a hi-sci-fi thriller; and *Rrrromppp!*, a musical "chase" movie. All, said ABP president Harold Greenberg, at a Beverly Hills Hotel conference, are frankly aimed at a box-office bull's-eye to overcome

product shortage not only in numbers, but also in quality.

Mack and Mabel made cinema hits and history together when the century was in its teens. But in 1923 producer Mack Sennett and star Mabel Normand's last mutual outing, *The Extra Girl*, flopped. Its heroine retired in defeat—to hometown happiness. Not so the real-life Mabel. She rocketed to stardom and scandal, burned out, and died in 1930. It's all part of the background for *Mack and Mabel*, LA Civic Light Opera's David Merrick production directed and choreographed by Gower Champion and slated to open at the Pavilion June 25.

Heads roll—well, one gory head rolls—in



Eric Gordon, who was featured in Universal's "The Boy Who Cried Werewolf," plays the young New Englander in Warner Brothers' "Mame," slated for Easter release.

Sam Peckinpah's Mexican-made *Alfredo Garcia*, starring Warren Oates in the romantic shoot-'em-up with a seismic Latin beat, plus Isela Vega, Helmut Dantine, and Gig Young. When he arrived to serve as still man, photographer Dave Rawcliffe got himself typecast as a photog before he could remove the lenscap from his Leica. Gordon Dawson wrote the script with Peckinpah, who has a home in Mexico.

Jud Stoddard does it with mirrors: gleaming personal accessories, decor, even furniture and zodiacal banners, with each mirror-star absolutely right on its course. His exciting mirror mosaics are on view at Zachary Waller Gallery. There's also a Beatrice Wood super ceramics exhibition, including a spectacular 160-piece, \$50,000 gold-and-blue luster service for 12 on display. And sale.

LA Drama Critics Circle bypasses LA banquet rooms and makes its fifth annual achievement awards at Pike's Verdugo Oaks, Glendale, on March 17.

Margo Jones Award winning producer Judy James and actor Danny Goldman's *Nothing New*, rompish shopping guidebook (Tarcher), is a first-hand account of the second-hand scene. The mini-tome tells where and how to buy everything, from Early Depression antiques to rare records and "as is" minks, in and around LA's bargain bins.

Mini Reviews:

That Championship Season, Jason Miller's two-act agitprop play presented in three acts, made its points at the Shubert in the effective hallelujah-shouting style an evangelist uses in messaging a tentful of folk-sinners and saved alike. But its small-town, ex-athlete politicians and their domineering former coach are depressingly familiar types.

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Joseph Mascolo, Phillip R. Allen, Forrest Tucker (the coach), Bernie McInerney, and George Dzundza. A.J. Antoon's stalwart direction emphasized Miller's points about backstage politics and politicians backstage. So, in its way, did the ugly old house designed by Santo Loquasto for the dictator-coach.

Playwright Jean Kerr's people-who-converse-in-quip started their *Finishing Touches* tour at the Ahmanson, with Barbara Bel Geddes as the upper-middle-class wife lost somewhere in the 40's; her professor-husband, not quite ready for a 70's fling; and Gene Rupert, their much-divorced friend, pleasing practically everybody (except a few walkouts).

Though the treatment insouciantly scratches surfaces, the basic material is solid indeed. Joseph Anthony's direction takes advantage of all the quips and *schticks* calculated to furbish an evening of easy entertainment. The cast's little Johnny Doran, as the kid of the family, and Gary Epp, as their nice teenage slob, add amusing contributions.

Director Robert L. Ravan made a visual and dramatic theater poem of Dennis J. Reardon's *Tongue of the Mute*, a piece of gothic Americana dealing with sins and sorrows attendant upon hard-edge virtue.

A profoundly responsive cast moved within compelling, dream-like rhythms, giving the play a larger-than-life image. Evocative bucolic settings and lighting designed by Dwight Jackson and John Wynne, and Jack Voorhees' staged movement—stylized for the restless dead, naturalistic for the living characters—enhanced the scene.

Truth infused Frank Stell as the murderous brother in a Cain-and-Abel relationship with Gil Peterson, hero-brother who is dead when the mystic realities begin. Among other touching interpretations were those of T.J. Jordan, their burly, weak father; Blanche Bronte, their small, strong mother; Ivy Bethune, the grandmother who has lived too long; Elizabeth Fuller, the girl seeking love; Tom Lawrence, a naïve farmhand.

This remarkable and enlightening production bearing upon transgression and salvation becomes all the more remarkable and enlightening with the realization that director Ravan has been blind from birth.

Warmly humorous at first, Melrose Theater Association's *The Night Watchmen*, by Stratis Karras, perceptively directed by Don Eitner, darkens until the amusement it evokes becomes compassion and superficialities disappear in the light of understanding. Tom Troupe and Richard Bull mastered the moods of the two lonely watchmen in a Greek seaport town where their near-adventure with a young girl turns into a pathetic mistake. Dale Barnhart designed

their suitably miserable basement flat.

Jordan Crittenden is a big, bumbling funny fellow who clearly goes through life bungling everything but laughs. He wrote a tidy sampling of them into Theater West's *Some People, Some Other People, and What They Finally Did*. Along with the highly expert Joan Van Patten, Lois Battle, and Dennis Dugan, and under Charles Aidman's sure direction, Crittenden appeared in many of his revue sketches which parodied platitudes and attitudes by which society measures mankind. Still needed: Tightening the material and sharpening some of the snappers.

That wild-mopped personality kid Marya Small, whose voice brackets brass and breathy whisper, surrounded herself with other personality kids—John Ritter, Daniel Trent, Bo Kaprall, Jim Evering, Kim Chaloukian, Wayne Long, and Steve Bluestein—and showcased a new socially conscious comedy revue, *Break-Up*, at Next Stage. Gerald Gardner and Dee Caruso wrote antic material; Dee and Sandra Caruso directed. With trimming—and building—the fast one-act revue could make it.

The high-ceilinged, handsomely carpeted lodge room of Inner City Cultural Center was wasted on *Pushkin*, frenetic trivia put together by Rufus Butler for an unintelligible H. Fitch, Jr. But it whetted the appetite for something worthy of Alexander Pushkin, nobly born 19th-century Russian writer whose ancestry included an African general of Peter the Great, and who gave the world *Eugene Onegin*, *Boris Godunov*, *Queen of Spades*, et al.

Hollywood

by Jahn Paul

The one great glory of the film is language. Like Agee, the greatest credit one can assign to those who made the film is the writer who gave it language. Yet the Hollywood writer today has become a ghostwriter. The contribution of today's writers to Hollywood pictures is obscured by a menacing *auteur* philosophy that all but ignores the screenwriter. The history of the movies is now being written to disregard facts in favor of celebrating the director as the sole creative force. Thus writers ride out the struggle by turning directors as quickly as their power is generated. Richard Brooks, Sam Peckinpah, John Huston, Francis Ford Coppola, Paul Mazursky, and now John Milius, have won their struggle to protect their identity and their material by becoming writer-directors.

Others, including Stirling Silliphant (*Poseidon Adventure*), Bob Towne (*The Last Detail*), the Willard Hyacks' (*American Grafitti*), Christopher Knopf (*Emperor of the*

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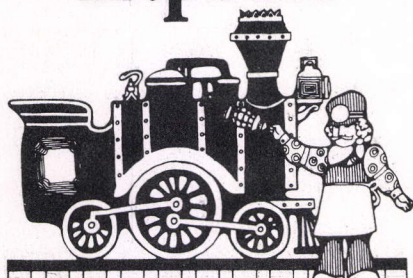
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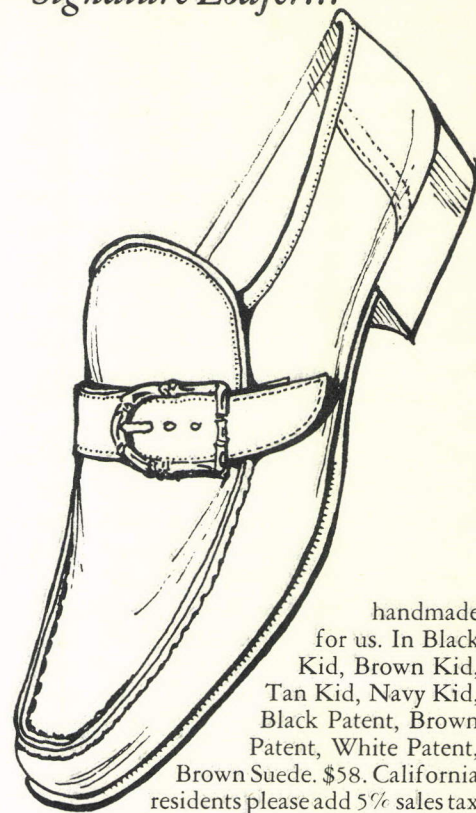
North) and Marc Norman (*Oklahoma Crude*), view their role passively, knowing full well that they are easy prey for directors who often view their scripts as exercises in technology rather than primary material of literary merit. If the times are changing, then the mass art of the motion picture must change too, and the popular audience must demand pictures of substance written with conviction. Otherwise, the seismic overrun of television will reduce the art of movies to a vacuous pabulum.

Certainly not all of television presents an antique melodrama; there are pioneers who continue to ignore the tradition of fail-safe principles. Among them is Gene Roddenberry, whose *Star Trek* space voyage ended with the last mission of the *USS Enterprise* on March 29, 1968. Since then, and to the network's chagrin, *Star Trek* has become a living legend in television's halls of vitality. We stopped by at Warners to chat with the man who gave the world Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock, a futuristic Captain Horatio Hornblower and his champion. Roddenberry is a very tall, soft-spoken man whose gentleness and demeanor seem like a respectfully mannered boy on his way to church. "There is no hope for television as it is presently constituted," he said. "The current need to furnish commercial messages make it too constrictive. The hope for TV lies in cable and paid-TV. The creator in TV never talks to his audience; whether something is good does not mean it is successful or not." Roddenberry will soon return to the air with not one, but two new series of futurism. The first, and certainly the most ingenious, is called *Questor*, an android whose computerized and nuclearized chemistry provides him with incalculable and extraordinary tenderness, an immense range of emotion as he struggles with a search many of us seem to have forsaken: a search for our soul.

The second, and almost as lyrical, is a spinoff from a special called *Genesis II*, now re-titled *Planet Earth, 2133*. The idea that inevitably we must smash ourselves in the nuclear holocaust to be reborn half-free and half-slave—the haves and havenots of tomorrow, some sharing a surface of decadence, others living below ground suffering the agony of re-learning truths. We will all be watching next fall.

We arrived at the Troubadour expecting the usual frantic scene of opening night, but were surprised to find the stoic club had been transformed into a gala party scene. The event was the arrival of Capitol Records' pixie sweetheart, Anne Murray, who was greeted by our enthusiastic applause after a flash of tapestry from her solid musical weaving, especially her current hit single "Love Song." Later, she was joined in her

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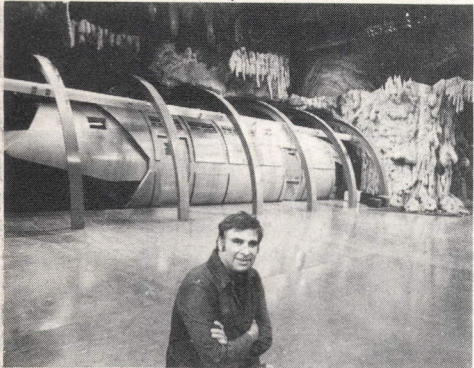
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dressing room by an emissary from the popular arts, a bouquet of who's-who of Hollywood popdom including Alice Cooper, John Lennon, Nilsson, Mickey Dolenz, Helen Reddy, and Ted Neeley.

Speaking of parties, we celebrated The Who arrival with a bash that engulfed Universal's commissary like a tidal wave. Originally scheduled for the underground parking lot, the event was hastily switched to the commissary after radio announcers began telling all. Gate crashers seemed to have had a field day getting in and the overcrowding and resultant booze scarcity only added to the hopelessness of it all. But I guess the boys—Peter, Keith, John, and Roger—managed to bear up to the crush and endured the flash-bulb parade like true British subjects, although I did notice that Townshend seemed less spunky than when I last saw him. "The album, *Quadrophenia*, it's a bit perplexin' to some, but in time I think they'll understand it all right, don't you?" said Peter, signing another autograph. I said sure, but everyone expected another *Tommy* and you gave them *Jimmy*. Peter laughed and was being led away by some sweet chick before he could finish.

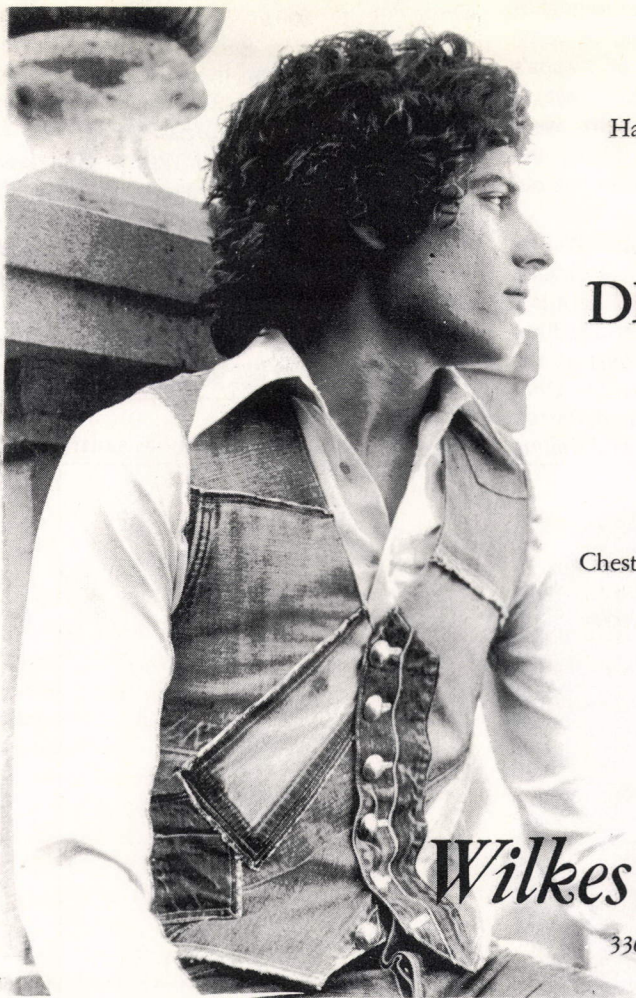
Zap Reviews: Dory Previn—Troubadour. Dory's involvement with her songs puts her in a sort of amber light—you can't always see exactly what's going on. I suppose if you admire her relevance, her varied slams on



Writer-Producer Gene Roddenberry, one of television's most acclaimed creators of sci-fi programming, poses before the 'underground tube' on the set of "Genesis II."

society—particularly lack of communication—you'll get to like her. But her brand of folk seemed much too depressing when her own success as a writer of drama as well as a musician seem self-indulgent.

Frank Zappa and Mothers—Roxy. There they were, eight of them, black aces, a nomadic appellation come to roost on the deck of the Roxy, aluminum foil backdrop, the oracle-philosopher of American rock, Frank Zappa, a clump of hair beneath his eloquent nose, his forefinger upward. But what is he saying? The music evokes blasts of drum solos blended into a staccato rhythm of trance-like musical magic rarely heard today. Zappisms are a sort of behavior



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pattern calculated to dispel the phoniness of today's rock and open the door to some musical richness. Yet in spite of Zappa's seismic, iconoclastic prancing on stage, I sensed a platitude of goodies: tight, well-ordered jazz, authentic white blues, and oldy-but-goody rockabilly riffs from the old days. Welcome home, Frank.

Outside of Ford, Lubitsch, and Welles, Howard Hawks remains a legend of cinema Americana. For the L A film buff here is a quick rundown on the February proceedings at the Howard Hawks Film Festival at the L.A. County Museum of Art: Feb. 1 — *Only Angels Have Wings* and *The Dawn Patrol*; Feb. 2 — *To Have and Have Not* and *Ceiling*

Zero; Feb. 7 — *Sergeant York*; Feb. 8 — *The Big Sky*; Feb. 9 — *Ball of Fire* and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*; Feb. 14 — *Air Force* and *A Song Is Born*; Feb. 15 — *Red Line 7000* and *A Crowd Roars*; Feb. 16 — *Bringing Up Baby* and *I Was a Male War Bride*; Feb. 21 — *Rio Bravo*; Feb. 22 — *El Dorado* and *The Road to Glory* ('36 version); Feb. 23 — *Hatari* and *The Ransom of Red Chief*. All screenings at 8:00 PM except Feb. 23 at 3:00 PM only.

In San Francisco

by James Armstrong

Panning things is not nearly as satisfying as

praising them, and it would be nice to be able to stick to the old adage which abjures one to say nothing at all if one cannot find something good to say about someone or something. So it is with real regret that we have to point out that our American Conservatory Theatre is giving us a pretty dismal winter season. Thus far, only *Taming of the Shrew* is worth seeing, even though it's too ballsy for some. However, after enduring really dreary new productions of Lorca's *The House of Bernardo Alba* and *The Miser*, it's quite apparent that William Ball is probably the only good director they have left.

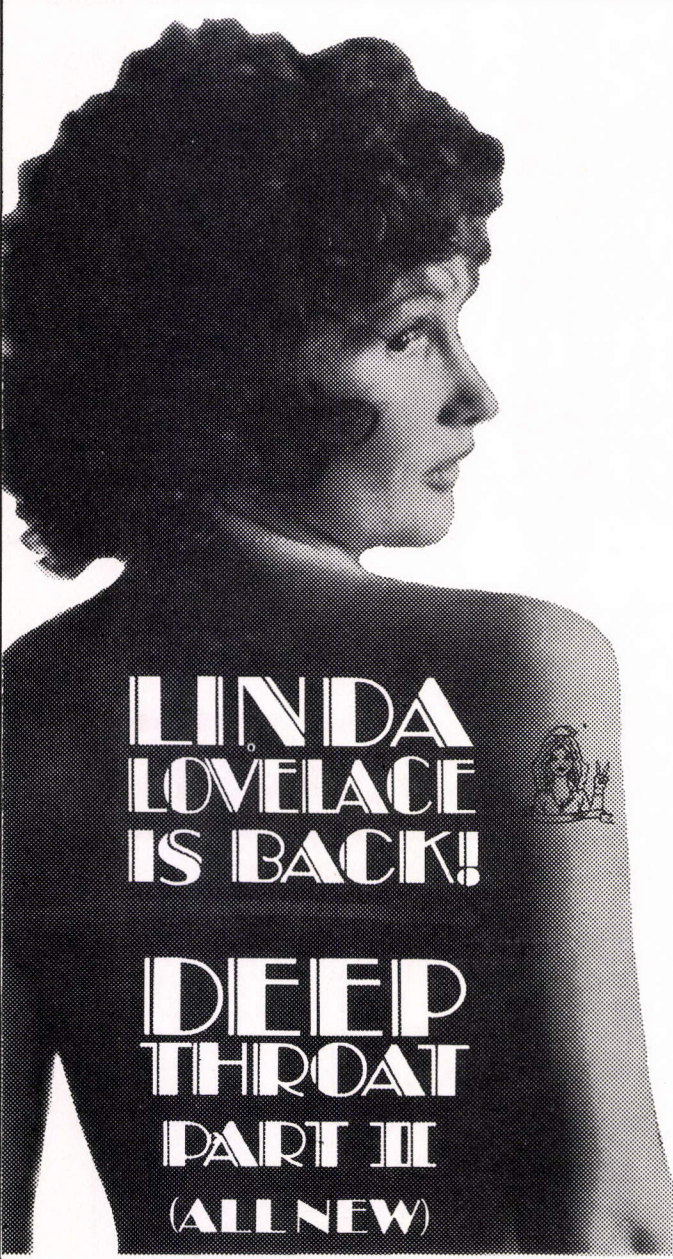
The Lorca play opened the week before Christmas and was a real flop. Joy Carlin (who is a splendid actress) directed, and that was the problem. *Alba* is one of the great plays of any century, but it will not play itself. Just for openers, every member of the *Alba ménage* had a different regional accent and a different style of acting. It was ten fairly good actresses in search of direction. The audience went out grumbling, and the press gave it a roasting.

Molière's *The Miser* most definitely is *not* one of the greatest plays, but ACT is doing it anyway. *Miser* is a clockwork dodo-bird, and in exhuming it ACT resembles the archetypical high school teacher who still assigns *Les Misérables*. William Fletcher directed, and though there were a few funny bits of business here and there, he never did quite work out a consistent style. (Putting it into mid-19th century costumes accomplished nothing.)

Outside of some really hardnose educational institution, there's really no reason to mount *The Miser*—most likely we have it because some of the mandarins presiding over ACT consider this kind of heavy-handed "educational" shenanigans the function of a repertory theater. Pfui! We're mostly grown up now, and should no longer have such pedagogy inflicted upon us. Wouldn't it be nice if, instead of World Drama IA/B, they were to institute a course in Twentieth-Century American Drama?

Carlos Carvajal's Dance Spectrum continues (even without a roster of star dancers) to be the most consistently imaginative and exciting of the local ballet groups. Their December offering, *Wintermas, A Festival of Light*, was a smashing success, and one of the most inspired of Carlos' creations. The program notes were a gluey pudding of metaphysics, but what happened on stage was clear and shining.

Part one was an orchestration of solstice rituals and dances inspired by a wild variety of times and cultures. Colors, costumes, flesh, standards, wands, banners, and lights were gutsy and mystical all at once. It was a splendid choreographic progression that



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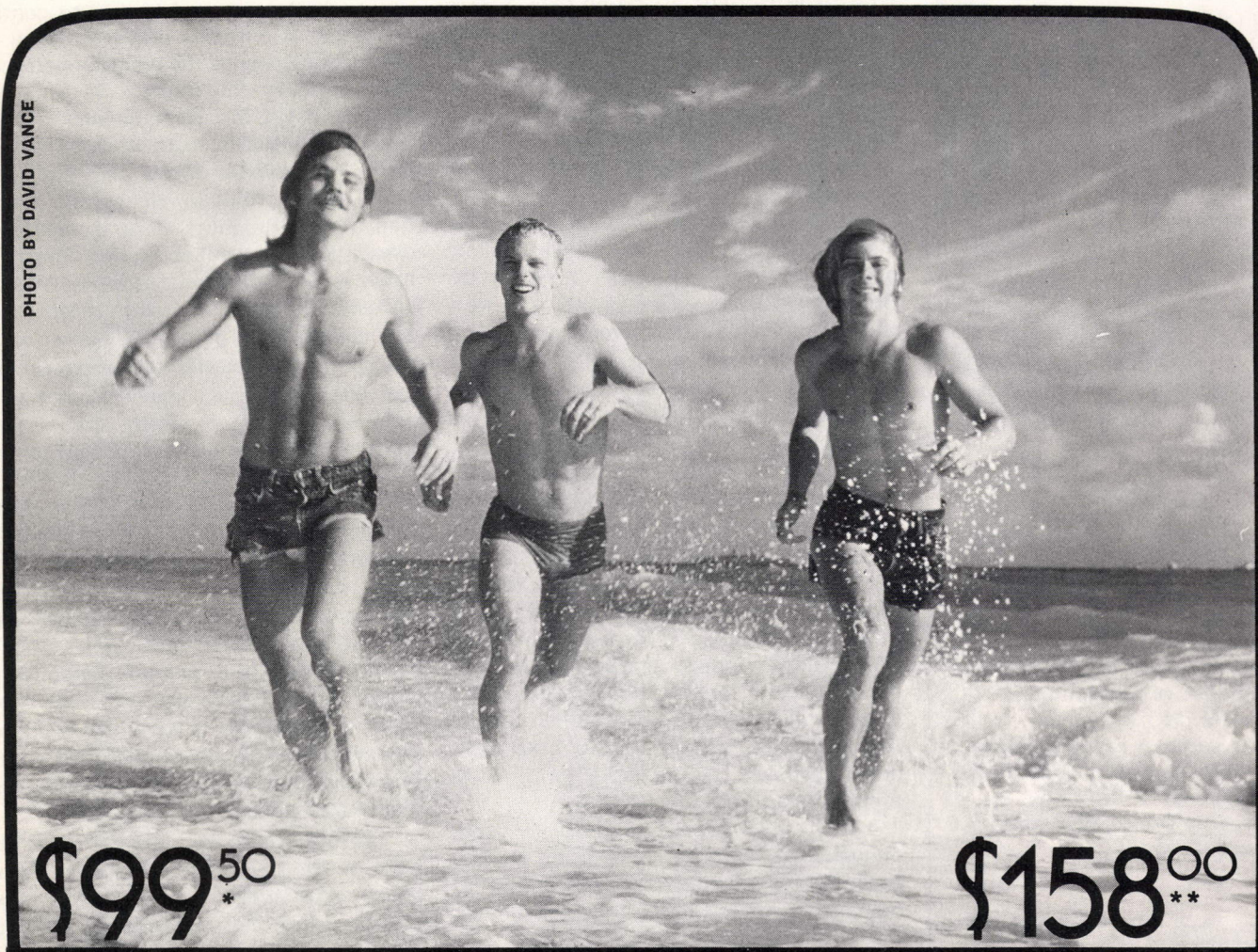
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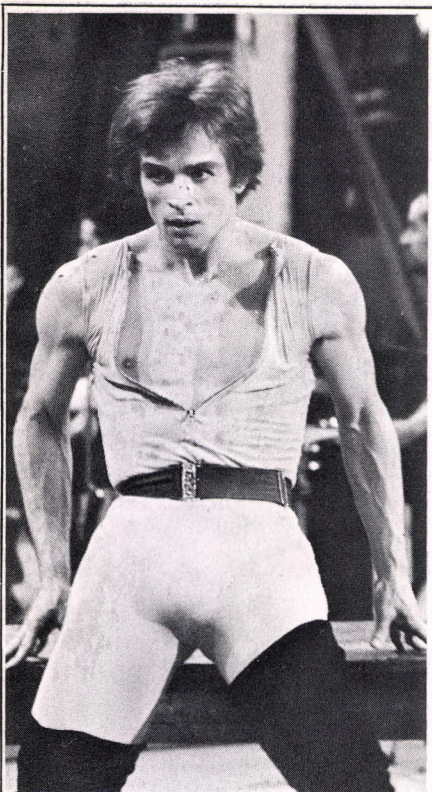
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built in numbers and complexity and excitement to a real wowser of a climax that usually had audiences standing up and yelling.

Part two was more cerebral, perhaps, but fully as stirring. Carvajal has a true affinity for the strange compositions of Toru Takemitsu, whose *Asterism* here inspired a really marvelous bit of choreography. True, there was a jarring moment. As Takemitsu segued into Carl Orff (*Ein Weihnachts Spiel*), a Virgin Mary appeared wearing a light-up crown and carrying a light-up baby (which kept going out!). However, she was quickly assimilated into a swirl of happenings that culminated in a veritable festival of lights (Hanukah candles, yet, one in every hand!) which gave us lumps in our throats and got us up and cheering again. It was quite an experience.

A brand-new play—*The Trail of James McNeil Whistler*, by Don Phillip Palmer, opened December 27 at the plushy On Broadway Theatre. It's difficult to make a courtroom drama (the outcome of which is so well known) dramatic, but Mr. Palmer comes very close to succeeding. Most of the dialogue, of course, was right there in the transcripts (the date was November 25, 1878), and much of it was not only witty, but full of self-revelation. Ably directed by Dan Caldwell, the cast is not only highly competent, but—visually—a splendid collection of *faces*. (In that respect, it's a lot like watching a very good British film). Rudy Solari's getup (and performance) as Whistler was a stunner (though on opening night the famous white forelock looked more the product of a passing seagull than of the make-up man's art), and Drew Eshelman's dithery old Sir John Ruskin was, quite simply, a masterpiece.

The whole cast was good. Really good, though Jack Aranson, as Sir John Holker, attorney for the defense, was so full of character at times that he became unintelligible. But, doubtless, that'll smooth out.

Trial is a deft entertainment; witty, funny and relevant. Highly recommended.

In Chicago

by Alfred Zelcer

It has taken nearly eight years for Ben Bagley's *The Decline and Fall of the Entire World As Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter* to show up around these parts, but there is no problem in this sassy revue with material that has dated itself. If anything, *TDAFOTEWASTTEOCP* is a show whose time has come, at the apex of a mass-scale revival of interest in some of the brightest words and music ever written anytime, anywhere. Mr. Porter's lesser-known songs, the ones that stopped the show but didn't make

the Hit Parade, are a joy to the ear, the heart, the spirit, and the funnybone, and the cast of six matches their brilliance with a dazzling display of talent-plus that kept first-nighters at the intimate and plush First Chicago Center rocking with pleasure and laughter. It is unfair to single out any one moment, but Virginia Sandifur (young Phyllis in *Follies*) does something to "I'm in Love Again" that could very well put Ann-Margret out of business forever.

If the gods are good to us Stu (*Warp*) Gordon will be around forever to continue delighting us with the brand of magic that once made going to the theater a better deal than going to the movies. In fact, on a Saturday night, Mr. G's is the only theater in town that makes it worthwhile to miss *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and that, in my book, speaks volumes. His current production of Ray Bradbury's *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* at the Leo Lerner Theater is, happily, no exception. A funny and melancholy grabbag of the stuff cheap dreams are made of, it is beautifully conceived and played in the eclectic and energetic style that has made The Organic Company the brightest light in a mostly drab Chicago theater skyline. Be good to yourself and go.

In town to kick off a benefit bash for the Free Street Theater, *chocolate chanteuse* Amanda Ambrose told (in a fit of cackles) of a recent mishap in a posh N.Y. restaurant where she was mistaken for a powder-room attendant by three dizzy women who dropped one quarter each on Ms. A's lap while she was sitting on a sofa waiting to use a pay phone. Champagne can wash almost all, and champagne is what the ladies sent Amanda when they later noticed her rubbing elbows with her swell pals at a nearby table. Champagne and a note of apology.

At the Studebaker, the limited engagement of *The River Niger* proved an extraordinary experience mostly due to a largely black audience that responded to the bitter-sweet home truths hurled from the stage with a radiant and vociferous glee. But on its own, Joseph A. Walker's play is also a rare treat in that, within the confinements of its tightly structured corners, it soars and bounces all over the place without the slightest doubt as to where it's at and where it's going.

In Montreal

by Thomas Schnurmacher

Marlene Dietrich played two shows at Place des Arts and the Legend was true to form. Classical guitarist Stephen Bell had the misfortune to precede Marlene on the bill before an impatient audience. After an interminable intermission, the house lights dimmed, the orchestra struck up "Falling in

Love Again," and the capacity audience squirmed with anticipation. The spotlight hit stage right and La Dietrich appeared—covered head-to-foot in a magnificent floor-length white chinchilla. The house came down.

Dietrich's 50-minute program which included "Lili Marlene," "Lola," and Piaf's "La Vie en Rose," and other classics left the glittering Saturday-night audience in a trance. Marlene usually meets her fans backstage after the show, but her musical director Stan Freeman told me that she was not feeling up to par after her recent fall. A coterie of stalwart Dietrich aficionados braved the pouring rain to catch a glimpse of their Marlene, but to no avail. Grandmother Dietrich was whisked away to her hotel room through a side exit. *Aufwiedersehen*, Marlene.

George Dawson is the brilliant Calgary-born actor who dazzled Montreal audiences with his portrayal of David Ragin, the bitchy playwright in the Saidye Bronfman Center's last production. Dawson is dazzling them again playing two roles, Starman and Galactic Jack, in Centaur Theater's first-ever musical, *The Tooth of Crime*. According to the press releases, the story-line involves "The King of Rock who is challenged for his domain by an upstart gypsy singer. In a world that is cruel, exotic, and absolute, they battle to the death." The mind boggles.

The Quebec Drama Festival was the scene for the most merciless massacre of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Its set looked more like early Salvation Army than an elegant Victorian drawing room. The Arvida Players, who must have made poor Oscar turn in his grave, butchered every line of Wilde's wit. Several members of the audience (myself included) fell over each other in a mad scramble to escape from the theater after the first act.

Still on the drama front, Jordan Dietcher directed *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* This was not another production of Albee's play. Instead of dear old George and Martha, we have two men—George and Marty. The obviously difficult role of Marty was handled by Maxim Mazumdar, who always looks like Marlon Brando and sometimes acts like Tallulah Bankhead. Consider the possibilities. Playwright Edward Albee considered them and he did not like them. His agent told Deitcher to play it "straight" or else.

In the musical arena, the Montreal Symphony Orchestra is in dire financial straits. Unless it raises \$500,000 or a miracle intervenes, the orchestra will be silent very soon (if not already). Artists (including Jon Vickers, Ida Haendel, and Clarice Carson) flew to Montreal from all over the world to donate their talent for a mammoth rally and

concert to "Save Our Symphony." Franz-Paul Decker, musical director of the MSO, conducted the overture to Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* to open the evening that raised almost \$40,000 for the symphony's sagging coffers.

This Month: Jan. 29—Feb. 10, the play *Godspell* finally comes to Montreal. Feb. 7—March 9, North American premiere of *The Promise*, by Aleksei Arbuzov, opens at Centaur Theater. Feb. 12-17, *Death of a Salesman* (in French) produced by the Compagnie Jean Duceppe stars Jean Duceppe as Willy Loman. Feb. 16—March 10, Madeleine Sherwood (of *Flying Nun* fame) stars in Neil Simon's *The Gingerbread Lady*, postponed from December.

In Toronto

by Brett Halliday

La Grand Dame of illusion, Marlene Dietrich swept through Toronto recently on a three-night stand to the tune of a \$30,000 fee. Playing in the Imperial Room to capacity audiences (and the highest cover charge ever) Dietrich gave them their monies worth, or so it seemed for the first show on opening night. However, her second show was cut short due to the recent accident involving her legs.

Nureyev returns to The National Ballet this month and opens at the O'Keefe with Eric Bruhn's *Don Juan*, to be followed by *Les Sylphides*, *Sleeping Beauty* and *Giselle*. *Solitaire* is also being listed as part of the company's program for the season, which runs February 13 through March 2.

The St. Lawrence opens February 12 with a new Canadian play by Michael Cook entitled *Color the Flesh the Color of Dust*, an historical drama set in Newfoundland. Reviews to follow.

TWP's *Richard Third Time* returned by popular demand to this excellent theater. Playing to 78% capacity audiences each evening, the re-encounter was inspired by artistic director George Luscombe, who never anticipated its runaway success. Richard is played by Allan Royal, while other cast members include Judy Shapiro and Jeff Braunstein.

Stratford made two important announcements: The first, that the National Theatre will tour Australia under the sponsorship of the Adelaide Festival and the Elizabethan Theatre Trust. Opening in Perth February 15 with *The Imaginary Invalid*, the tour winds up April 6 in Sydney, after playing the new \$100 million Opera House. The company then returns to Stratford, where this very same play will be re-staged during the 1974 season. William Hutt plays the title role, with Jack Creley also playing a featured part.

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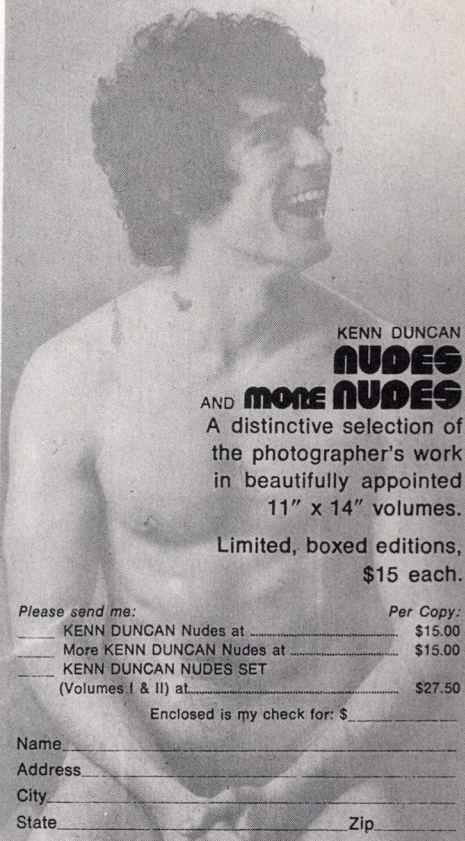
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The second announcement offers light opera as part of the festival's program. Presented in the Avon Theatre, the delightfully effervescent and comical *La Vie Parisienne* will hold stage with a new translation into English being commissioned. It will be adapted for the stage by Canadian playwright Jeremy Gibson. We look forward to this newly inspired work, which is scheduled to open June 27.

General happenings include the sudden demise of *Second City Revue*, who we are led to believe were locked out of their Adelaide St. W. premises due to creditor's action.

Notes From All Over

by Patrick Pacheco

There is a bit of wry bemusement connected with hearing Johnny Mathis sing "Chances Are," while en route from the airport to the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada. Chances, odds, luck, hope are constant companions when in this amazing monument to phenomenally bad taste. Tawdry, slick, promising instant loans and instant fortunes on every corner, Las Vegas, a city completely without parallel in the entire world, is nevertheless, one of the most exciting and

amusing places and with a concentration of entertainment that rivals New York. On a recent business-pleasure trip to the most resplendent of sin cities in the western hemisphere with Editor William Como (he as guest of the M-G-M Grand Hotel upon the occasion of its lavish opening, and I to interview Ann-Margret, opening in a new show at the Tropicana), I rediscovered the unique enchantment of the city, and it hits you the minute you walk into the garish, chandelier-laden lobbies and hear the whirling sound of the one-arm bandits and the calls of the pit bosses. There is a fascination that comes from watching hard-nosed overweight matrons from Kootenai, Idaho, rapidly pushing nickels into a slot machine, determined to see those three bars appear on the line (or at least to see those cherries again!), or to watch affluent men calmly lay a five-hundred dollar chip on a single roll of the dice while you sweat like a brain surgeon over your precious two-dollar bet. In Las Vegas you meet the fates head on. The arbitrariness of life (the barely missed planes, the lover you would have had if he or she had not moved to the West Coast, the first runner-ups in Miss America contests) is all reduced to its most basic in the roll of the die and the deal of the cards. One can watch in mixed fascination and horror while fortunes are made—or wiped-out—in the passing of an hour. All this, of course, under the calm eye of the dealer, coolly meting out the fate of the bets on the table.

Five miles outside the city limits, the spell wears off, and having survived on three hours of sleep for the past three days, you look something like Frankenstein after a facelift. Palm Springs, that dimple in the desert, is close by, and a place called Harlow Haven is well worth the trip. As refreshing an oasis as could possibly be imagined, and cordially and graciously managed by owner Jack Devaney, Harlow Haven is nothing approaching your conventional motel or hotel, but is more like being a guest of a person who has lots of money and exquisite taste. Framed beautifully with an enormous pool and well-tended gardens in which to enjoy the warm, balmy climate, Harlow Haven has enough style and class to satisfy even the most jaded New Yorker, and the clientele is strictly top-drawer.

What Gertrude Stein once humorously said of Oakland, "There's no there there" can also be applied to Los Angeles. But on the other hand, one can achieve a detached affection for Southern California, and, as one becomes comfortable with the city, pockets of creativity are evident.

Sandra Alexandra, wearing earrings worthy of the ceiling of a casino, who sang, played piano, and freely kidded with the audience, whose adoration verged on a cult following. She appears regularly at a supper

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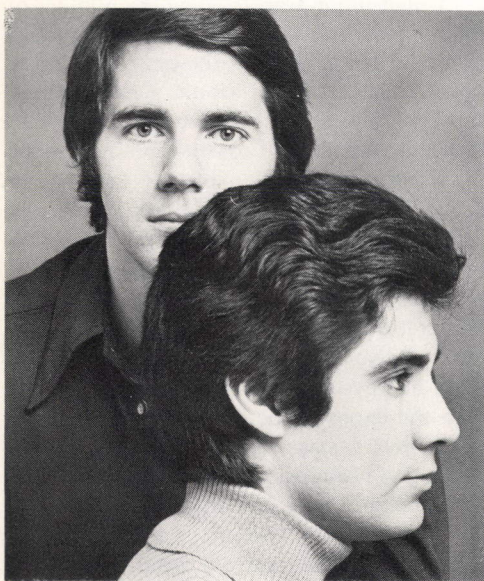
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club in West Hollywood called Lloyd's, whose food leaves something to be desired, but that girl on stage is one hell of a tasty dish and a damned good performer. Amid the nooks and crannies of the sprawling area of the San Fernando Valley, I also had the pleasure of seeing a pair of brothers billed simply as Jeff and Bruce (Teitell). They have a strong act that shows a tremendous amount of promise, and, facing a tough audience, they were able to stop the glasses tinkling, and the chatter of the college crowd quickly subsided. It was an impressive performance and they should have a record in the offing.

REVIEWS: THEATER On Broadway and Off

by Richard Philp

At the Chelsea Theater Center at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the season's musical coup, **Candide**, was launched by director Harold Prince, who has used every last square inch of space in the Chelsea's pint-sized house ("If you plan to leave, do so during the overture," the audience is gently chided before the quadruphonically placed orchestra strikes up the rousing good score by Leonard Bernstein—one of the best scores, as a matter of fact, written for musical theater). The original production, with book by Lillian Hellman and lyrics by Richard Wilbur, ran a disappointing 73 performances in 1956 but is still regarded with something approaching reverence, its virtues being the Bernstein-Wilbur collaboration, which has been retained intact at Chelsea. A new book has been written by Hugh Wheeler, with additional lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and John Latouche, and the show weaves the best of the old in with something more than you might dare to expect. Prince's direction, with some aid from choreographer Patricia Birch, is crisp and very engaging. Wheeler's book is adapted (as was Hellman's) from Voltaire, but he has made the most of visual potential rather than the verbal; he has also caught the delicious, witty rancor of Voltaire's cynicism nicely, lightly, letting you in on a curmudgeous old man's vision of life as folly and corruption. Heading the cast is Lewis J. Stadlen, who plays five roles: the aged Voltaire, the younger, lustier Dr. Pangloss (who advocates that this is the best of all possible worlds), a colonial governor, a host, and a sage. Stadlen's performance is remarkable for its range, which puts actress Maureen Brennan (Cunegonde) and actor Mark Baker (Candide, who is the battered student of Pangloss' Pollyanna philosophy) to something of a disadvantage; Baker and

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James Earl Jones stars as Hickey in the Square's current revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," under the direction of Theodore Mann. (Photo by Martha Swope)

Brennan become pawns to the machinations of some superbly conceived theatrics, while Stadlen becomes very much his own man—an actor's kind of actor. Also of special note was June Gable as the old lady, whom Candide and Cunnegonde hook up with during their misadventures. This production, so superbly handled, pushes forward a bit more the already well-earned banner of this ambitious company.

At Circle in the Square, the company's second production of the season is Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*, a massive play about self-deception. O'Neill's details of characterization are well developed here under direction of Theodore Mann, and yet the five-hour opus could probably be trimmed by three and still not be especially interesting. *Pipedreams* is a word heard frequently, too frequently, and it is soon evident that the seedy twilight world created in such minute detail is built on working dreams which are without substance but are necessary to keep the characters from cutting their throats. Hickey (played by James Earl Jones, who must be commended for his sheer stamir in the central role) enters the lower depths of a New York bar frequented by habitual drunkards, disillusioned politicians, and prostitutes, and he tries to turn the tide, convinced that he is helping, not

destroying. O'Neill luxuriates in four long acts of telling us what we discover or suspect for ourselves after the first.

Up from Florida, George Abbott returned to Broadway long enough to re-stage *Pajama Game* (originally directed by Abbott and Jerome Robbins in 1954), with a slightly updated book (which Abbott wrote with Richard Bissell). Barbara McNair, who is black, and Hal Linden, who is white, are the starry-eyed lovers who meet, lust, quarrel and finally marry—all in a pajama factory caught up in a union struggle against the labor lords. The story shows its 20 years, and Abbott's direction is conservative enough to pass for historical re-creation rather than a vigorous overhaul. But it is pleasant to hear some old favorites, now relegated to nostalgic corners of dimly lit cocktail lounges, including: "Hey There," "Steam Heat" (which launched Shirley MacLaine on her star trek), and "Hernando's Hideaway." It's also fun watching Cab Calloway shuffling a soft shoe across the Lunt-Fontanne's long, long stage. The production was designed by David Guthrie, lights by John Gleason, and the musical direction by a lovely lady in the pit named Joyce Brown.

Being caught in *flagrante delicto* with another man's wife at dawn in a rented room is the pivotal situation in Georges Feydeau's *Chemin de Fer*; but one has to admire the craftsmanship in transforming the bubbles of soap opera into an evening-long, boulevard gallop through turn-of-the-century French boudoirs and drawing rooms. Known best in this country for *A Flea in Her Ear*, *Hotel Paradiso*, and Noël Coward's adaptation of *Occupe-toi d'Amélie* into *Look After Lulu*, Georges Feydeau characteristically takes farce one step further than his fellow *farceurs* at the Comédie-Française would probably have done, and *Chemin* traces the indiscretions through divorce, re-marriage, misery, divorce, and re-re-marriage. There is more to Feydeau's whirlwind peregrinations than the expected flapping trap doors, hasty exits, lovers stacking up in secret places, cuckolded husbands, and cheated wives.

Stephen Porter has directed this production for the New Phoenix Repertory Company, and he has created a tasteful, thoughtfully paced, amusing production, one which—if you happen to like late 19th-century French farce—probably couldn't be outdone even on the great stage of the Comédie itself. Especially fine were David Dukes, as Cous-touillu, a character with a proclivity for running into furniture and walls, and John McMartin, as Fedot, who the other characters in the play continually confuse with the "great playwright" Feydeau and who seems to draw retribution for minor moral slips the way a magnet attracts scraps of iron. Also in the cast were Rachel Roberts as a bourgeoisie

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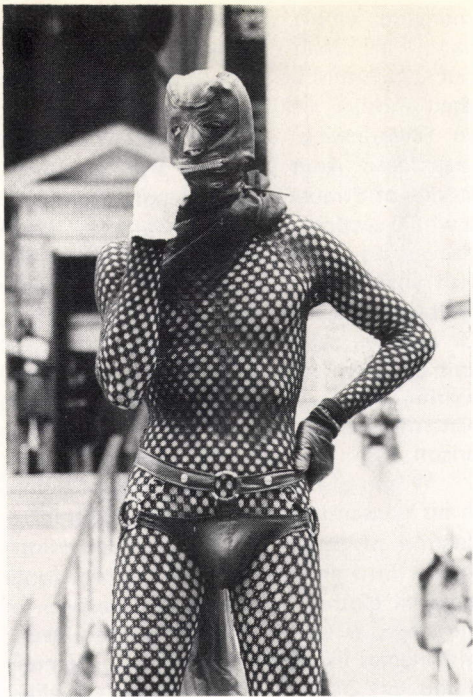
bombshell, George Ede as a 260-pound elder statesman whose paunch converts his lust to Platonism, Richard Venture as cuckold-husband, and Charlotte Moore as betrayed wife. Scenery by Edward Burbridge and costumes by Nancy Potts; this production was originally presented at the Mark Taper Forum in LA before landing in New York on a limited engagement.

Less successful, unfortunately, was the same company's production of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **The Visit**, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince. There were several small, recurring problems with production, such as the immoderately high setting of sound levels, fumbled light cues, or the handful of ragamuffin-looking actors in carefully torn and paint-spattered costumes who were supposed to pass for a village full of starving burghers. The real difficulty was with Rachel Roberts in the principal role of Clara Zachanassian, the elderly, crippled, vengeful, malignant creature who returns, as the wealthiest woman in the world, to the village where she got her humble start in life, now determined to settle old debts. Miss Roberts is a very fine actress, but despite her brandishing a cigar, her limp, and her morbid accouterments in this production, the lighter qualities of her undeniable presence turned the moiling blacks to lemon-grey. The target of the old lady's plot is a man named Schill, acted here by John McMartin, who was directed by Hal Prince to give us a curious choice. Dürrenmatt's intention, I believe, was to show Schill as a sacrificial totem which his fellow villagers are willing to offer up on the altar of sanctimoniously clad greed. McMartin plays the character as if he might have been more mad than menaced; as a result, the scenes of pursuit, which constitute about two-thirds of the play, are constantly undercut with the possibility that his fear, as the villagers suggest, is more imagined than real. The fear has a valid foundation, as the play turns out, but whether it is the fear of greed which motivates Schill, or the fear of death, stroked alive by the presence of the old lady on a prolonged visit to the scenes of youth, is never clarified, and too many issues are obscured, too much soda paste patted on too many painful stings.

Off Off and Away

by Robb Baker

Robert Wilson, sometimes known as Byrd Hoffman, staged a 12-hour marathon extravaganza entitled **The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin** at the Brooklyn Academy of Music four nights in December. It was one of the most elaborate productions in the history of that house, but as in the monumental Hollywood spectacles of the 50's, its



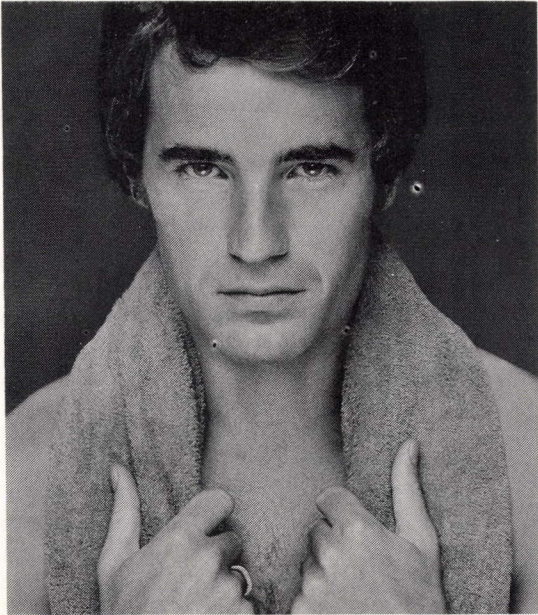
Richard Gallo, who bills himself as a "body artist" (the medium is the message, and his medium is quite a message), appeared briefly now and again during Robert Wilson's 12-hour theatrical event, "The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin," at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. (Photo by Lois Greenfield)

bigness and scope after a while became its central focus, blurring whatever artistic value and validity there might have been. We were left with an increasingly irritating kind of Theater of Endurance—and I left, angry at myself for having joined the Twelve-Hour Clique (and a cliquishness approaching religious fanaticism runs high among Wilson devotees).

Wilson reportedly believes that life is disconnected and irrational—and that theater should reflect this. Thus his works (he calls them "operas," and, as Clive Barnes wrote, that's only "the first of his conceits") are collages of everyday realities and deadpan fantasies. Visually it's all very interesting (for a while, at least), which is probably why Wilson's works are so much more popular with painters and dancers than with theatergoers. At any rate, amidst this proliferation of visual and verbal non-sequiturs and juxtapositions, Wilson reveals himself as more interested in time and space than in anything which occurs within them, more interested in people as bodies that move or pose or mimic than as entities with any sort of creative impulse or life force of their own (in this sense Wilson's work is not unlike the mechanistic theater of Richard Foreman, which I also find trying after a while).

Still, there are those really exceptional

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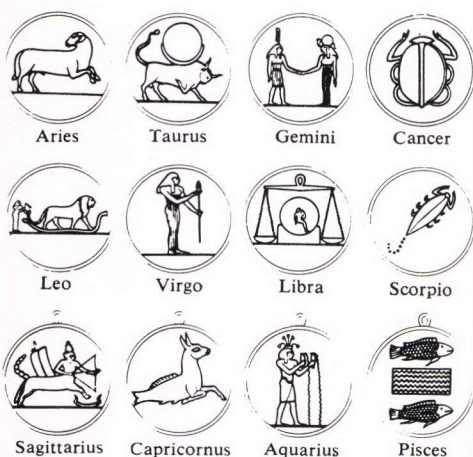
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moments—whole segments even—along the way. Like when one black mammy dances out onto the stage, followed by another, then another, until the whole stage is filled to overflowing with all-dressed-in-white blackfaced Aunt Jemimas swaying to the strains of Strauss' "Blue Danube Waltz." Or a whole section called "The Temple," where dancers do meditative, calming, whirling dervish spins, while a man in a glass booth recites writings about dialectical materialism. Or another, called "The Cave," with all the animals from Noah's Ark (and then some) visiting what starts out looking like the Nativity scene and slowly turns into a prison.

Wilson also finds a good deal of humor in his nonsensical world—including his introduction of comic or pseudo "connection" figures into all this disconnectedness (boys in track clothes jogging across the back of the stage, as well as recurring "characters," with names like Queen Victoria or Sigmund Freud or Dave Clark or Joseph Stalin—though few of their onstage actions have anything at all to do with such applied personnae).

But it's hard to laugh at even seventeen dancing ostriches at 5:50 in the morning. . . . More than enough is simply more than enough, no matter how long you prolong it.

How completely unlike the Wilson extravaganza was Norman Taffel's simple **Creating a Creche**, a play-around-a-play presented in four parts on three consecutive Sunday afternoons and Christmas Eve. While two actresses-playing-actresses (Jane Whitehill and Ana Ramos) rehearse for a production of Strindberg's "The Stronger," a group of people simultaneously (and in the same theatrical space) prepare to become participants in a living manger scene (some of these people also do other tasks, such as cooking or preparing food, costuming themselves, improvising music, or teaching each other songs) and other persons work lights, run tape recorders, take photographs, make videotapes, take up a collection, etc. A total theatrical experience grows, bit by bit, with the audience free to move around, to focus on whatever action they wish, to be a part of the experience (but without being forced into some sort of superimposed "participation"). Each segment lasted less than an hour (with the audience then staying around for food and coffee or wine), and for me the four added up to a good deal more than twelve nonstop hours of Robert Wilson.

Another small-scaled but special show was Diana Bryan's work-in-progress for people-as-puppets entitled **Other People's Junk** and presented in mid-December at the Exchange Theatre. Miss Bryan makes puppets (and plays) that are a long way from the *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* entertainment genre;

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her characters are shopping bag ladies, street-corner winos, the derelicts of the world. Their grotesqueness has a stylized universality about it; she makes us see all sorts of things which we persistently ignore—the whole tatterdemalion world that we'd prefer to believe doesn't really exist.

A few brief notes: City Center Acting Company's *Three Sisters* was a surprising disappointment, insensitively directed, awkwardly staged, and heavy-handedly acted by this usually excellent repertory troupe. . . . *The World Festival of Magic and the Occult* at the Felt Forum had about as much to do with real magick and esoteric or occult practices as a daily newspaper horoscope column has to do with real astrology. One of the participants was billed as "Austria's Hip Pop Magico," which pretty well indicates the level of the approach. . . . Al Carmines' annual holiday show, *Christmas Rappings* (which I saw for the first time this year), is musically one of his very best. . . . Other Christmas show special treats included Denise Rogers singing up a storm in . . . and *All the Trimmings* at La Mama, Harvey Fierstein clomping about in the *WPA Follies*, Ekathrina Sobechanskaya getting her first pas de deux partner (Lohr Wilson) at the *Palm Casino Carol-In*, and Hot Peaches doing oldies-but-goodies in their *Midnight Mass*.

Here, There, and . . .

by Patrick Pacheco

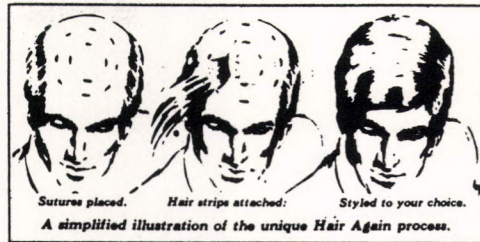


Lee Richardson and Michael Moriarty make an unusual pairing in the frank and perceptive drama, "Find Your Way Home," which opened January 2 at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre. (Photo by Martha Swope)

Find your way to the Brooks Atkinson Theatre and you'll find one of the most exciting evenings of theater this season (or any season, for that matter). *Find Your Way Home*, John Hopkins' brutally direct and shattering honest play about human relationships in general, and homosexual love in particular, has many qualities to recommend it, and foremost are its stars, Michael Moriarty, Jane Alexander, Lee Richardson, and John Ramsay.

It is the return of a 46-year-old married (continued on p. 78)

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EDITOR'S CHOICE

by William Como

Larry Ree lives two lives, in one of which he is a theatrical dresser (of Nureyev, among others), and, in the other, choreographer of a ballet company in which all the members are ballerinas. The fact is made the more startling by the revelation that the ballerinas are all male. As Ekathrina Sobechanskaya,

Below: Ekathrina Sobechanskaya balances on pointe in the short allegro solo, "Dragonfly." The diaphanous costume of Zenubia Gaborgias recalls the days of Isadora. (Photo by Roy Blakey)

At right: In "Raymonda, Act III," Sobechanskaya is joined by a corps de ballet composed of, from left to right, Tamara Karpova, Rosaria Bchinskaya, Nadya Zdrastevenskova, Mariana Bublitschkaya, Grace Maximova, Suzina La Fuzziovich, Natalia Kousnezoff, and Jaquin Kubanova. (Photo by Roy Blakey)









prima and director of The Trocadero Gloxinia Ballet, Ree takes herself very seriously. As we do here.

"We are not dancing in drag; we are not female impersonators," declares Mme Sobechanskaya, vehemently. "We are doing homage to the ballet. A policeman has his uniform, the ballerina has hers—so we dress as ballerinas dress. We dance with great love and respect for the art, and we give pleasure to many people. Béjart came, bringing his whole company, while he was in New York last year; we have appeared on European television; we danced, by invitation, for the New York City Ballet.

"Our most recent engagement was the Fortune Theater here in New York. Unless we get some sort of subsidy, we won't be able to go on. That is the plight of dance companies everywhere in the United States—but we need art, we need dance, *now*, more than ever."

The Actors' Company, from London, England, makes its American debut at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, January 29 through February 24. It will present four works from its repertory: *The Wood Demon*, Chekhov's rarely performed comedy, written in his twenties and later revised as a separate work, *Uncle Vanya*; *The Way of the World*,



Congreve's last and perhaps best work for the stage, bursting with the ever-spiraling intrigues and confounding confusions of Restoration Comedy; *King Lear*, a new production of Shakespeare's classic; and *Knots*, a series of musical skits based on the book by R. D. Laing.

The Actors' Company made its first appearance at the Edinburgh Festival in 1972 and performed there again last summer. Formed by a group of actors who wished to be totally involved in the artistic management of a theatrical organization, the Company makes its own policy on the basis of Company meetings and majority decisions. It is a theatrical democracy. The result has been to break down the barriers between "leading" and "supporting" actors; in the Actors' Company all actors play small parts from time to time and *all* the roles are cast from experienced actors. There has been general acclaim for the quality of the productions which have resulted.

The repertory of the Actors' Company includes: (opposite page) "The Way of the World" with Margery Mason, at left, and Sheila Reid; (above) "The Wood Demon" with Ian McKellen, at left, and Tenniel Evans, at right; (at left) "Knots" with Paola Dionisotti. (Photos by Donald Cooper)

A LITTLE JOHNS MUSIC

by John David Richardson

Basic recipe:

Take four generations of theatrical tradition, extracting carefully one concert pianist (Alys Steel-Payne, whose mother happened to be Australia's first lady violinist). Blend thoroughly with one Welsh actor (Mervyn Johns, who won Britain's highest award for a student actor while at RADA). Put them on tour in South Africa (Praetoria, to be exact). Let the result of this delicious mixture mature prodigiously for twelve years or so, being careful to train her completely in ballet. Substitutions are allowed, so put this dancer on the stage of the Garrick Theatre in place of an ailing actress. She will rise to the occasion, go on to The Old Vic, and, if placed in film, grow even sweeter. This, of course, is the basic recipe for a delicious dish called Glynis Johns, and, although it is irresistible as a side dish, dessert, or what have you, at the moment it is the *pièce de résistance* in a musical banquet on Broadway called *A Little Night Music*.

As Miss Johns opens the door to her hotel suite, there is a sense of bustle about her even though she is standing quite still. After offering greetings, quickly finishing a phone call, and putting on a kettle for tea, she casually curls up in the corner of the sofa, careful to arrange the skirts of her bright blue kaftan neatly about her ankles.

There is a definite sparkle to Glynis Johns—and a marvelous coloring. And the voice, that unique sound that issues only from one certain source, surprises and delights each time it comes into action. Yet, these characteristics that work so well in helping to create so many portrayals are not exploited in the sitting room—the lady is not coy or cooing. The definite charm is strongly based on an alert intelligence and self-confidence that no school of acting could possibly induce.

"Well, I wasn't really pushed on the stage," she horns, "it was just always there. My father, of course, is an actor, and mother had her music, and although we never discussed the theater at home—I had a very

normal home-life—it was always there . . . like Hayley Mills. I mean, just being from a theatrical family made it an inevitable part of life. My grandparents were in the theater, in Australia. It was almost a covered-wagon sort of thing," she laughs. "They were musicians—did musical shows. For example, they played the Swiss bells and would bring down the house with things like 'Jerusalem.'

"I, of course, was primarily interested in the dance. That's what I studied; the other just happened. And after Leo Genn took me to the Old Vic to appear in *St. Helena* . . ." and Miss Johns—she asks to be called Glynis—continues to docket the early successes of her career on the English stage, her singular voice continually renewing itself as she goes. The credits she mentions are largely unfamiliar to Americans—with the exception, no doubt, of the London production of Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour*. Later she appeared in major revivals of Shaw's *Major Barbara* and *Too True to Be Good*, both of which played in this country in the wake of Miss Johns' 1952 Broadway debut in Enid Bagnold's ill-fated *Gertie*.

Films featuring Glynis Johns, however, have been very accessible to Americans. Her career in films began when she was only thirteen and includes an astonishing variety of roles that mark her growth into full womanhood as well as her development as an actress. Considering how the proud, aristocratic adolescent of *South Riding* grew to deliver high comedy in *An Ideal Husband*, became a nonchalant mermaid in *Miranda*, excelled in several kinds of adventure—dramatic in *No Highway in the Sky*, comic in *Island Rescue*, romantic in *The Sword and the Rose*—well, it's a study in versatility as well as artistry. Anyone who can more than hold their own when Danny Kaye clowns (*The Court Jester*), defy James Cagney (*Shake Hands with the Devil*), win an Oscar nomination for a performance as a publican (*The Sundowners*), overcome banality with flags flying (*The Chapman Report*), and be a women's libber in a Disney film musical (*Mary Poppins*) deserves some sort of award

that hasn't been invented yet.

However, a problem of classification does raise itself to the neat American mind, but when it is suggested that Miss Johns might best be considered primarily as a screen actress with a grand flair for comedy, a look of perplexity comes over her face and she is momentarily left speechless. When speech does come, it is slow and quite serious—as though she had never really thought about it (and, indeed, she may not have!). "I really don't know . . . it's not that simple. You can't really separate one thing from another like that." In her attempt to tactfully explain, it becomes glowingly apparent that she knows that her profession, her career, cannot be facilely dissected and departmentalized, that the parts of a complex world to her are a whole, and that pigeonholing is for the birds.

It is this professionalism, no doubt, that has allowed Glynis Johns to undertake her first Broadway musical at this point in her career, and at the mention of *A Little Night Music*, she visibly lights up with pride and pleasure. "It's a wonderful show," she agrees with great and obvious affection. "It was Hal Prince's idea that I do it. He called me while I was appearing in Noël Coward's *The Marquise* in Washington. The company for *Night Music* is so good . . . the ensemble . . . and such a pleasure to work with. Everyone is so talented—the whole show works. I wanted to get back to music, to dancing, but it is not really that kind of show."

And, indeed, the gentle waltz moods and the brilliantly conceived lyrics, both by Stephen Sondheim, have not resulted in "that kind of show," but in something much finer. And when Glynis Johns *sits* and softly talk-sings the outstanding "Send in the Clowns," the world slows down to a moment.

"Yes, that song is very special. It can't be just sung—it has to be acted. I tried 'singing' it more one night when Steve

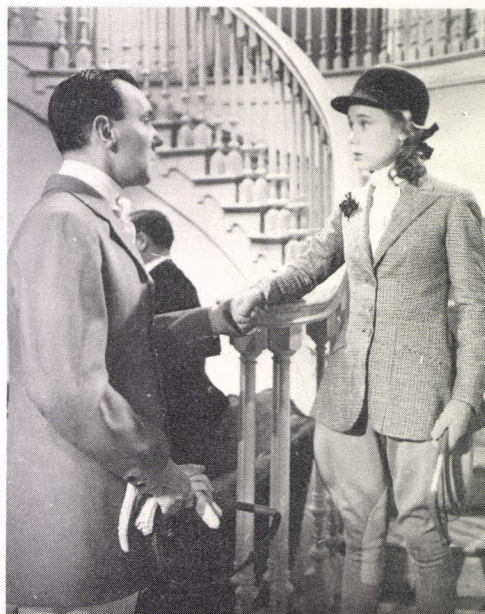
Photo of Glynis Johns by Jack Mitchell.





Above:
In the Warner Brothers film, "The Chapman Report," Glynis Johns played the role of a painter who wanted more than a pose from her model, Ty Hardin.

At right:
The youthful Glynis Johns joined Ralph Richardson in portraying the local gentry in "South Riding" (1938).



Sondheim was in the audience—up front, where I could see him. I could see him wrinkling his nose, so I haven't tried that again. And Hal Prince is such a marvelous person . . . and, well, he has shown great faith in me."

The allusion is obviously to the trying period during final previews in New York when Miss Johns suddenly became quite ill and was rushed off to the hospital, causing anxiety for both her and for the show. Much to everyone's delight and over the objections of the doctors, the show went on—Glynis missed only three performances.

This little episode did add grist to the mills for that special breed of scandalmonger that Broadway breeds so well, and the most popular version of the story was that Glynis Johns had a drinking problem. When asked (discreetly, to be sure) about this little tidbit, hands went flying in the air and the Johns-only shriek announced, half laughingly, "Heavens! I certainly do have a drinking problem! I can't drink at all—my system simply will not tolerate any alcohol. It's my pancreas." But as she explains the details of her malfunctioning gland, her mood changes to one of bewilderment. "Why would anyone think such a thing? I need 'up' thoughts, not 'down' ones."

"Oh, the tea!" and Glynis Johns bounds across the room and into the kitchenette. "It all boiled away and that was the last of the spring water." She refills the kettle from the tap and sets the pot to boil again. After she has resettled on the sofa, she quite unself-consciously discusses her marriages—which number four—by producing what may be a self-rationalization, a stock answer, or both. "I guess I was just looking for brothers and sisters—I never had any, you know." And then, shifting to the impersonal, "People look for other people whose strengths make up for what they consider to be their weaknesses, and it works the other way around, too. It shouldn't be that way. People should rely on their strengths—like the pieces in a jigsaw puzzle."

When it is pointed out that her son, Gareth Forwood, is also an only child, Miss Johns shifts slightly and adds, "That's not the only irony. He went into the theater, too. I didn't want that—I mean, I wanted him to have a choice. I sent him to the best schools, gave him every opportunity, yet he chose to go on the stage and is quite happy, too. I am very proud of him."

Tea was finally poured, New York discussed ("It has changed a great deal . . . but then I don't like cities anyway; I like the out-of-doors, the fresh air."), and Miss Johns began to bustle again as the interview ended.

"What are you going to call the piece?" she smiles as she stands by the door, "I know! Call it 'Some More Night Music!'"

PETER BOGDANOVICH... SIX THOUSAND MOVIES LATER

by Anita Summer

Peter Bogdanovich does not look like a successful director. He does not even look like an unsuccessful director. In his tailored slacks and striped shirt, the tall, slender, clean-shaven, and bespectacled young man could be an intern, an advertising executive, perhaps a lawyer. There's no resemblance between Bogdanovich and the stereotyped Hollywood director—assuming one conjures up a mental image of a John Ford type. In fact, there's no striking trademark which brands him as the hottest property in movies today. Nothing, that is, until he starts talking about movies. Then his eyes shine with love and warmth, and he becomes alive and animated.

It was Bogdanovich's last night in New York, his whirlwind, non-stop schedule having transported him through a myriad of interviews, radio and TV programs and meetings with the Paramount hierarchy. In his Plaza Hotel suite—oddly sterile in its all-white decor—the interview took place in spite of being punctuated by a series of phone calls.

Since his 1968 directorial debut with *Targets*, which he also wrote, produced, and in which he acted, there has followed the documentary *Directed by John Ford*, the Academy Award winning *The Last Picture Show*, *What's Up, Doc?*, and his latest, *Paper Moon*. What Bogdanovich has achieved in five years usually takes most of a lifetime to accomplish.

The boyish-looking director didn't decide overnight he wanted to direct. From the moment he entered a movie house for the first time, films held a hypnotic fascination for him. "Six thousand movies ago, I saw my first one—when I was five. It was *Dumbo*. I hated it and had to be carried away, screaming, by my mother," Bogdanovich laughs. "I can't remember what the second was, but I must have enjoyed that one, too, else I would not have gone back a third time." He explained his estimate of having seen so many films. "I used to keep track with card files, which I started when I was twelve, but I stopped when I became successful."

It's impossible for him to choose his favorites ("because too many are outstanding"), but he discovered at an early age that those he enjoyed most were all from the



Above:

Brilliant young director Peter Bogdanovich has brought to his films the wisdom he has gained as a writer, producer, actor, and ardent student of the history of American films and film-makers.

hands of John Ford, Howard Hawks, and Alfred Hitchcock ("they have nothing in common except they're good"). "I was first attracted to these directors at the age of ten—not on a personal level, but through their films. They made the ones I liked best of all." The list includes *Citizen Kane*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, *Red River*, *The Ghost Goes West*, *Rio Bravo*, and *Touch of Evil*, each of which he has seen about a dozen times. It was after he saw *Citizen Kane* for the first time, in 1956, that he knew he just had to be a film director. Bogdanovich still reads the movie ads daily, just in case there's something good around that he has missed.

Bogdanovich speaks with pride about *Paper Moon*, his latest triumph, which is based on the novel *Addie Pray*, by Joe David Brown. "I didn't like the book title and was searching for a new one for the film. I don't know how, but the song 'It's Only a Paper Moon' suddenly crossed my mind, and I knew that was it. I called Orson Wells [a close friend] and asked him, 'What do you think?' He replied, 'It's so good you shouldn't even make the picture—just release the title. So I figured with advice like that, I could not go wrong—and went ahead.'"

Born in Kingston, New York, on July 30, 1939, soon after his parents came here from Yugoslavia, the only child of artist Borislav Bogdanovich and his wife, Peter—a mixture of Greek Orthodox, Austrian Jew, and Serbian—grew up in New York City and attended Collegiate School, where he was not an outstanding student. Invariably he chose watching movies to his studies. He never graduated. Peter began a course in drama with Stella Adler at the age of fifteen. A year later he was appearing off-Broadway, then did summer stock and Shakespeare. Before long Peter had broadened his vistas and increased his theatrical activities. In addition to acting, he was directing, writing screenplays, producing, and writing movie criticism. He's the author of monographs on directors John Ford, Fritz Lang, and Allan Dwan, and now has a monthly movie column in *Esquire*. At twenty he staged an off-Broadway revival of Clifford Odets' *The Big Knife*, featuring Carroll O'Connor of *All in the Family* fame. "Carroll said he was the one who gave me my first real start," recalls Bogdanovich, "and remembers me then as being a real pain in the ass."

Best of all, Bogdanovich—to whom nothing in the film industry presents an insurmountable obstacle or challenge—likes to direct ("It's more fun to play all the parts instead of just one"). Veteran movie-maker John Ford gave him his first advice. When Bogdanovich asked his hero what was the most important function of a director, in his usual terse manner, Ford replied, "Have

fun. Then see your pictures make money." The recipient of this sage counsel still claims, "That's the best advice I ever got, and I've tried to stick to it."

The compliment which Bogdanovich cherishes most came from director Howard Hawks, master of action films. "After he saw *Targets*, he told me, 'The dialogue wasn't so good—but the action was. That stuff is hard to do.' Hawks is known for being adept at understatement. A 'good' from him is worth four stars from anyone else," says Bogdanovich, beaming as he savors the memory.

He also likes to act, especially when it's for Orson Welles. "The atmosphere he creates makes you feel you're capable of doing anything." Bogdanovich has a featured role in Welles' new movie, *The Other Side of the Wind*, which Welles is personally financing. The story concerns a movie director's last film, and Bogdanovich's role is that of a writer who's working on a book about the director. Starring Mercedes McCambridge, Cameron Mitchell, Edmond O'Brien, and Paul Stewart, among others, the film has been two years in the making and is soon to be finished. Bogdanovich is also involved in its distribution.

It was Welles who encouraged Bogdanovich to film *The Last Picture Show* in black and white. "He was absolutely right," says the director. "I prefer it to color, especially for certain types of stories. The effect and result is much more dramatic. Also the film was set in the Depression, which wasn't a colorful period."

As a movie critic, how does he react when his own films do not receive the rating he believes they merit? "I feel the guy does not know what he's talking about. On the other hand, I want reviews to be truthful. I don't like to be told a film is good when it's obviously bad. After seeing *What's Up, Doc?* one critic said, 'I don't think Peter Bogdanovich has a sense of humor.' Since it was a hit and made thirty million dollars, I feel I'm justified in saying his comment was nasty and uncalled for. When I met him later, I merely remarked I didn't think *he* had a sense of humor. However, he enjoyed *Paper Moon*, and concluded that since making *What's Up, Doc?* I had developed one." Bogdanovich will not disclose the name of the critic. "We're good friends now, and I don't want to embarrass him," he explains. "Hostility is never constructive, whereas criticism is. I react to hostility with hostility—or walk away from it. If it's constructive, I pay attention."

The doorbell rings. The visitor is carefully carrying a strange-looking rolled-up something which, unrolled, is revealed to be a movie poster printed in 1915 for *The Birth of a Nation*. Bogdanovich goes into ecstasies

over this new addition to his collection of movie memorabilia. It's quite rare for people in movies to collect items relating to their industry, but he's one of them. A prized possession is a pair of pants which had belonged to John Wayne, another one of his heroes. "I discovered that when I wore them on the set, I gained authority, respect, and recognition," he jokes. "The only drawback was that I could not sit down in them—unless it was on a horse."

In a tone normally reserved for describing a sick, loved relative, he speaks of the ailing movie business and attributes its illness to a disease known as television. "I loathe TV. It's a terrible medium. It's not radio and it's not movies. It's just something hovering in between. I'll never direct for TV, and I hope I'm never put in a situation where I find I have to." His way of curing the business he loves is with good movies, "Not just a good movie, but a good movie that people want to see."

He enjoys making movies and tolerates a minimum of problems while he does. "I'm the only one who's allowed to be temperamental on my pictures. Barbara Streisand did get a bit upset in *What's Up, Doc?* and said she didn't like the script, but I just laughed and told her not to worry, that everything would work out. It did."

Bogdanovich concedes there was some trouble with Timothy Bottoms in *The Last Picture Show*, and calls him "a neurotic kid." What had happened, according to Bogdanovich, was that the actor did not study his lines, and was frequently unprepared. The crisis came when Bottoms again suffered memory impairment in a key, important scene involving many. When the director furiously demanded an explanation, the actor told Bogdanovich—rather lamely—that he hadn't forgotten, he was just thinking. The director was outraged, not because of yet another memory lapse, but because Bottoms would not admit he had forgotten his lines and was therefore at fault. "I can't stand phoniness in an actor," says Bogdanovich, who vows that he will never again have Bottoms in one of his films.

The director prides himself on being rarely wrong in his choice of actors, but confesses that he himself has been his only failure. "I thought I could have been better in my first picture," he sighs. As an actor, Bogdanovich has compassion for members of the acting profession. "I like them—whatever their faults. Standing and emoting before the cameras, with those dreadful lenses boring into you, seemingly penetrating all thoughts and innermost secrets, it's a devastating process which the average movie-goer cannot understand. I have nothing but respect for actors, big and small. I'm touched by them because of all the problems, insecurities, and

hard work to which they are subjected."

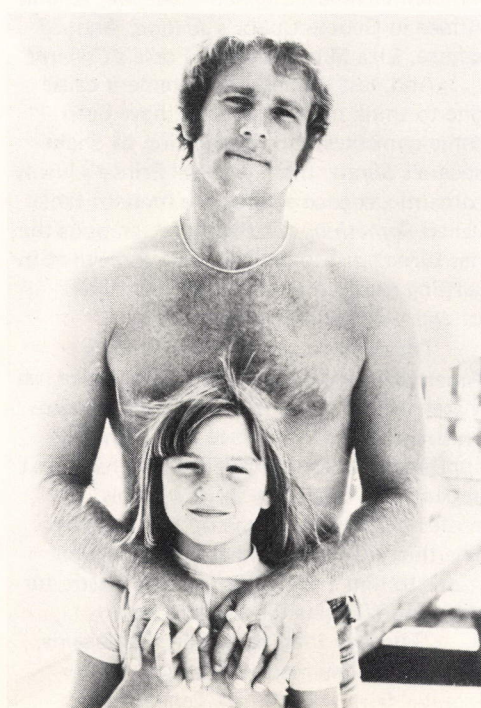
Strangely enough, Bogdanovich denies he's introspective. He feels he isn't particularly aware of what's going on around him until after it's happened. "I'm usually observant, but when I'm working, I'm oblivious to many things—including tension." While doing his first season of summer stock at the age of sixteen, a friend told Bogdanovich, "You sure know a lot about Tennessee Williams, but you don't know anything about life." Bogdanovich reflects on this, then says, "I tend to see most of life as a scenario. It's probably an annoying quality, but I like to stick my nose into what's going on—and try to control it."

He picks up a handful of toothpicks and abstractedly plays with them. When he's not fruitfully occupied, he has guilt feelings. "No matter how hard I work," he acknowledges, "I always feel I could have worked harder. That's because I never feel I've reached capacity. As soon as I'm aware that I could have done more, I know I've been goofing. I must keep busy all the time." Ironically, in contrast with his desire to fill every second with productivity, Bogdanovich sometimes wishes he had more leisure time at his disposal.

Bogdanovich won't get his wish right now. He is currently working on the final print of Paramount's *Daisy Miller*, scheduled for a June opening and starring Cybill Shepherd and Cloris Leachman (who were featured in *The Last Picture Show*). His next project, Warner's *Quadrille*, is a musical based on twenty-four songs by Cole Porter and will feature Elliott Gould, Madeline Kahn, and Cybill Shepherd. And an album of Cole Porter songs that he produced with Cybill Shepherd, *Cybill Does It . . . to Cole Porter*, is soon to be released.

The only questions he will not answer are those pertaining to his private life. Other than admitting he has two daughters, Antonia (five and a half) and Alexandra (two and a half), who are with Polly Platt, his estranged wife, and that he and Cybill Shepherd are "friends," Bogdanovich has nothing more to add. "Recognition is fun, but I think some reporters ask impertinent questions. My professional life is an open book, but what I do away from the cameras is not for publication. It's no one's business but my own. I respect the privacy of others, and I expect reciprocal courtesy."

It has taken Peter Bogdanovich only five years to exchange comparative obscurity for the lofty position he has attained in the movie world. "Success means being able to do what you want, and I enjoy being able to do what I want," is how he describes his reward for making the journey from being unknown to grasping the fame he now enjoys.



Above:
Bogdanovich gives Cybill Shepherd some last-minute suggestions during the filming of his much-honored "The Last Picture Show."

At left:
Bogdanovich's most recent film, the immensely successful "Paper Moon," featured Ryan and Tatum O'Neal.

MICHAEL YORK: SOMEONE FOR EVERYONE

by E. Donnell Stoneman

photos by Pat McCallum York

It's not simply that he's hardly ever in town, although his busy schedule of continent-hopping makes it difficult to pin him down to one geographical spot for any length of time. For example, he has just returned from the plains of Spain with filming completed on a new version of the Dumas tale of adventure, *The Three Musketeers*, under Richard Lester's direction. York plays D'Artagnan in the Lester remake, with Richard Chamberlain, Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, and Raquel Welch also in the cast.

Before *Musketeers*, York was in New York appearing briefly on Broadway as one of the two stars in Tennessee Williams' latest, most abstract, and some say most acutely autobiographical work for the stage, *Out Cry*. And before *that*, he was in Hollywood doing his bit for Ross Hunter's glossy remake of James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*.

So, it is possible, with a little help from a friendly press agent, to get a momentary fix on York's whereabouts. But, once tracked down to his temporary lair, the job of finding the *real* Michael York has only begun.

For one thing, it's his celebrated British reserve perfected to a polished sheen behind which he plays a charming, affable, unassuming role. Yet, the veneer is there, thin, almost indiscernable, like observing a personality through invisible glass.

Dressed casually but immaculately in a blue corduroy suit, York pours two cups of steaming American tea, adds a liberal portion of cream, and settles back into the comfortable contours of a plush wing-back chair in his hotel suite. We begin our conversation with talk of images—of the stage and screen variety. He's reluctant to concede that he may, after all, have one.

"If I do have an image," York purrs in

his sensual, slightly adenoidal voice, "people see me as this rather strange, upright, tight-jawed Englishman. I'd like to change that by doing more comedy."

The image that York quietly demurs is an undisputed result of the various film roles he has assumed during the past six years, from his debut as Lucentio in threepart tandem with the Burtons in Franco Zeffirelli's view of *The Taming of the Shrew* and, later, as Olivia Hussey's cousin Tybalt in the same director's version of *Romeo and Juliet*. In his so-far brief but busy career he has supported other stars, served other directors: Dirk Bogarde in Joseph Losey's *Accident*, Vanessa Redgrave in Tony Richardson's *Red and Blue*, Peter Finch in Graham Greene's *England Made Me*, Anouk Aimee in George Cukor's *Justine*. And, of course, Liza Minelli in Bob Fosse's *Cabaret*.

And, lest that earlier statement cause one to think otherwise, there have been some comedies, too. In addition to Shakespeare's *Shrew*, there was Hal Prince's lushly romantic, rococo telling of a modern fable called *Something for Everyone*, an opus that has turned out to belie its title somewhat by settling neatly into the rather restricted category of the cult of the camp.

The conversation turns to York's American stage debut, which took place last March on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre on Broadway. On the face of it, *Out Cry* appeared to be an unusual vehicle for a first appearance, especially in view of his professed desire to come on in a comedy. The thirty-one-year-old actor offers what seems to him a perfectly rational reason for choosing Williams for the acid test.

"The way it all happened," he begins, much in the manner of reciting a not-so-familiar fairy tale, "I met Tennessee last

year—we happen to have the same agent—and he sent me the play to read because I was interested. I mean, I was *fascinated* by it! Then we met again in Venice at the film festival and spent some time together. As I was about to leave, Tennessee said he would like for me to do his play. I was very excited. One didn't know then exactly how feasible it all was. I came over in October a year ago and we actually made it happen. I think you have to obey the dictates of fate. Also, I think if Tennessee Williams asks you to be in his play, you don't say no."

A pause and then, in a faintly apologetic tone suggesting perhaps the explanation has been inadequate, he murmurs, "It's so hard to be objective."

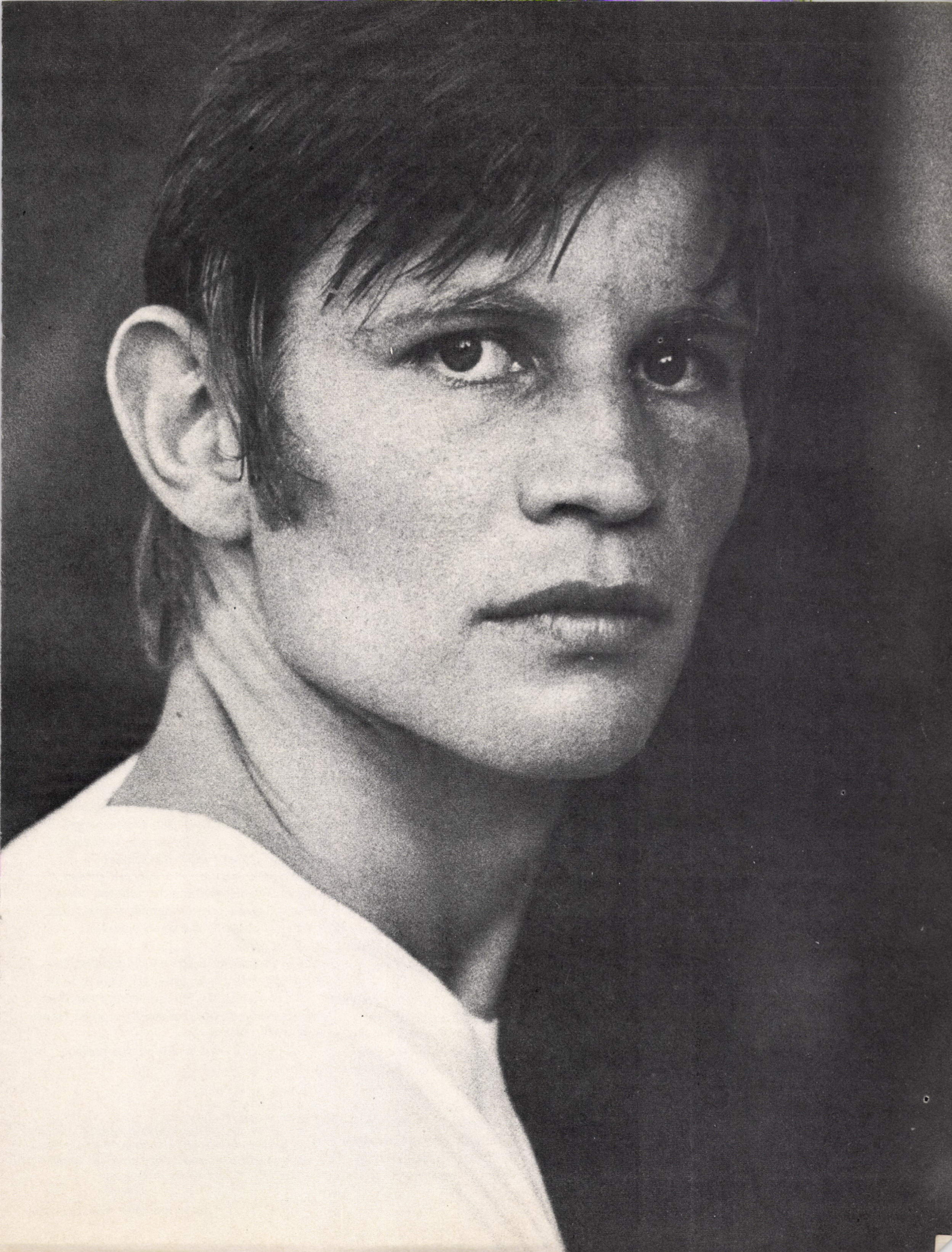
That statement speaks volumes about York, the man and the actor. Genuinely concerned with his work on the stage and on the screen, he is convinced his private life, what he feels and thinks, is unimportant and of little, if any, interest to the average reader.

"I feel that one's work is the only valid advertisement," he says and obviously means it. "A lot of people pay a publicist to get them exposed. In fact, I've done it at times. But it kind of goes against the grain as far as I'm concerned. Honestly, either you like that kind of thing or you don't. I've been gratified by people in the profession whose opinion I respect when they've been complimentary."

"I don't believe in a kind of desperate modesty, either. To be honest, I'm quite

Opposite page:

"People see me as this rather strange, upright, tight-jawed Englishman. I'd like to change that by doing more comedy," says Michael York, who since his film debut in Zeffirelli's *The Taming of the Shrew*, "has proved to be one of filmdom's most sought-after actors."



satisfied to be able to work, to have the opportunity. That I find is the greatest reward. I think it would be hypocritical to say that it's not nice to be recognized, but I think to be recognized and appreciated by the right people for the right things is more important."

York's quandary—though I suppose he'd be the first to deny such a situation exists—is how to grab hold of the interest of the largest audience, shake it in a memory-gripping vise, and hold on until his image registers indelibly on the public mind. Apparently he's given it some thought at least.

"I suppose the secret is being associated with a box-office smash. You know, like *Cabaret*. It comes along and suddenly it's immensely popular. It's shown everywhere and suddenly for the first time people see your work en masse. Then lots of people say, 'What have you done before?'

"It's not going to help for me to fling myself in front of the audience. But if someone said to me, 'Would you like to be the Gerard Phillipe of this age?' I'd say, 'Yes, please!'"

Another aspect of the York canon of film roles, one that I tentatively suggest may possibly contribute to a diffused public conception of his screen personality, is the sexual duality of the characters he occasionally portrays. In *Cabaret*, for example, he was overtly bisexual. In *Something for Everyone*, as the title indicates, he was indiscriminately omnisexual. And in *Justine*. . .

"I think that's coincidence," he interrupts, fixing me with the inimitable York stare, a stabbing reprise from the drunken three-way party scene he shared with Liza Minnelli and Helmut Griem in *Cabaret*, or

the searing closeup as Tybalt when he first catches a glimpse of the unwelcome Romeo at the Capulet party. A kind of wary, faun-like freeze, conveying surprise, instant caution, and a protective coating of self-concern.

"I don't think I need worry about that," he says quietly. "There *is* a danger because audiences, especially film audiences and film makers, do very much pigeon-hole you. Like Cliff Gorman, for example. After *Boys in the Band* there he was immediately in *Justine* playing another puff. He had to redeem himself with something like *Lenny*. So, there is this danger. But I don't feel it. I've done Lucentio and Tybalt, both ballsy parts."

A moment of silence follows while we both wait to see which way the conversation will go. York picks it up in a kind of free association.

"I think sexuality can be marvelously understated," he purrs from across the room, peering over the rim of his teacup, watching my reaction reflected in a wall mirror. "Tennessee told me he thought the most erotic thing he had ever seen was the relationship I had with Angela in *Something for Everyone*. Like the films of the thirties, you can really get things humming by alluding. . . ."

The door opens and a short, stocky man with gray hair, dressed impeccably in a subtly patterned gray suit, enters. It is Hugh Wheeler, author of the book for *A Little Night Music* and, more significantly, screen writer for both *Cabaret* and *Something for Everyone*. He interrupts, somewhat testily, and addresses York directly. "I don't mean to be rude, but I *do* hope I'll have a chance to talk to you. Hal sends his best wishes."

York seems a bit embarrassed. "Well . . .

sure. . . ." he mutters.

A pause and then Wheeler wheels around and leaves the room, apparently to continue his wait outside, out of earshot, conversing with York's pretty professional photographer wife, Pat.

As the door closes, York turns with his dazzling small boy smile and says, "One of the best things about working on *Cabaret* was meeting Hugh. And Hal. And Angela." With all bases apparently covered, he continues.

"It was wonderful working on *Cabaret*. We had a rehearsal period and Hugh was there and we worked on it. The whole thing evolved. Also a film I did in Yugoslavia year before last based on a Graham Greene novel called *England Made Me*. It was wonderful because one could go away with the director and work on it. This happens only when you find yourself completely on the same wavelength and you feed each other and get excited by each other's ideas. It doesn't always happen, and when it doesn't, it's absolutely grim to find yourself almost mechanically jumping through the hoop. *Justine* was a prime example of that. But when it happens the other way, it's thrilling!"

Justine was eventually completed in Hollywood, the occasion for York's first visit to California. He returned to the West Coast to work on *Lost Horizon* under Henry Jarrott's direction.

"I came over to discuss the project," he

Opposite page:
Michael York and Hildegard Neil recently starred as a pair of affectionate siblings in "England Made Me," a thriller about Germany in the 30's, which evoked all the degeneracy of that era.



recalls, "and found I couldn't resist it. I liked Jarrott and I was impressed with the cast. And I liked the idea of shooting up at Mount Hood, in Oregon. I'm ashamed to say that, more often than not, if the location is interesting I'll take the role. But not if I'm going to be stuck in some godawful place. I believe in suffering for your art up to a certain point, but not to the complete, grinding down of spirit."

York confesses to another not-so-secret desire, this one to play a singing role and with the Bacharach score for *Lost Horizon* it would seem his chance had come.

"No, I'm afraid not," he says, rather wistfully. "Neither John Gielgud nor I sang and we both felt a little cheated. His character was too old and I played the brother who was eager to get out of there so it wouldn't have made sense for me to sing something extolling the beauty of the place."

Pressing the point further, I ask if he actually *does* sing?

"Well, yes, after a fashion. Like Len Cariou in *A Little Night Music*. I'd like to do a musical comedy simply because that's a whole new direction. In fact, I've been asked to do a very good musical of *Henry V* called *Hank Cinq*, believe it or not, which some boys have written in England. It was done at the Edinburgh Festival two years ago and it was very successful. Very good score and a good book. That's kind of up in the air, but it might happen.

"I'd love to do some more Shakespeare, have a shot at playing Prince Hal before I get too old and grizzled. The two plays of *Henry IV* would be wonderful. Say, on a matinee play Part One and then come to Part Two at the evening performance. Get the whole spectrum.

"I'm really—and this is not just bull-shit—I really am happy to be able to work. To be asked to do other things."

That's about it for Michael York, his *raison d'être*, so to speak. At least his reason for acting. And, he might add, if those "other things" take him to faraway places, all the more reason to sign on the dotted line: the call of India, where *The Guru* was filmed; The Bavaria of *Cabaret*; The Yugoslavia, strangely enough, of *England Made Me*; and a quirky little Dutch film he made early on in his career as a result of running into two young beginners in filmmaking at an Amsterdam cafe.

"They've gone into blue movies," York chuckles, "and now they're both millionaires!"

The York brand of wanderlust is shared by the former travel editor of *Glamour*, née Pat McCallum, now Mrs. Michael York. The two first met on a fashion assignment when photographer Pat was sent to snap Michael's picture. They've been sharing plane seats and sleeping bags ever since.

The future? York doesn't seem too concerned. He's obviously not in much of a hurry to find out.

"One grows and grows. I do think there's a danger if one is pushed up when one is young—there's no way but down, you know—rather than being allowed to grow by making mistakes with the spotlight full on you. I'm thirty-one now. I like to think there is plenty of time."

At right:
Michael York is d'Artagnan in 20th Century-Fox's all-star production of Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" slated for selected release in key cities on March 29, and for general release on June 28.







A CALLAS PRIMER

by Freeman Gunter

When Maria Callas sang her first performance, she was a sturdy American teenager who was studying voice in wartime Athens. Her professional debut (as Tosca) was in 1947. Her debut in Italy was later that year, and by 1951 she had reached La Sc la, that pinnacle of Italian (and world) operatic success.

In 1954 she abruptly acquired a slender and glamorous look, and this, coupled with her astonishing and controversial vocal talents, brought her greater attention than any opera singer had received since the early days of the century. Maria Callas became the darling of the international jet set while making history in the world's great opera houses, causing much ink to flow—much of it from writers who do not normally concern themselves with the subject of opera.

In the early sixties the Callas voice began to fail alarmingly. In 1965, she collapsed at the Paris Opera, unable to sing the last act of *Norma*.

And yet Callas continues to be an important force in opera today. Almost singlehandedly she revived an interest in the *bel canto* repertoire by making these operas again viable as a means of communicating genuine musical emotion. The standard of both musicianship and intensity set by her performances has indelibly altered the public's consciousness of opera and set high standards to which her colleagues, present and future, may aspire.

Not surprisingly, Callas is a singer's singer, much admired by the people who are best prepared to understand the singer's art. Christa Ludwig has said, "She has the very sound of tears in her voice." Joan Sutherland, Beverly Sills, and Shirley Verrett learn from her; Leontyne Price, Magda Olivero, and Monserrat Caball  have agreed that Callas is "the greatest of us all." British mezzo-soprano Janet Baker agrees wholeheartedly—and when asked about Callas' later recordings (after the top of her voice had become unpredictable), Miss Baker gestured impatiently, as if brushing away some minor annoyance, and said, "You can just listen right through that."

Aksel Schi t , the dean of art singers, was subjected to a recording (by a nightclub entertainer) of a parody of Callas. Schi t  tore the record from the turntable and smashed it. "I won't permit anyone to make fun of this woman!" he exclaimed. "I won't permit it. She is a great artist!"

Maria Callas has only to appear on the staircase of the Metropolitan (or any other) Opera House to incite near hysteria from her

fans. The mere rumor of a return flashes through the world press in large headlines. However, there is a growing audience who never saw Callas on stage; they *do* listen to her many recordings (a tape of a 1957 Dallas rehearsal session is the most requested item in the Lincoln Center Library's entire tape collection). Recently many private, or "pirated," records have become widely available in New York and other major cities. In spite of their often primitive sound and relatively high cost, these discs, pressed from tapes of live Callas stage performances, are very exciting to hear and they sell at a brisk rate to fans eager to hear what will be revealed by each "new" performance. To these listeners Callas is not the "singing actress" (a term often applied to her in the fifties), but a singing *musician*, which places the emphasis nearer the heart of the matter. Callas' ability as a "great actress" is closely allied to her musicianship. "Study the score," she has said, "if the opera is a good one, everything you need will be in the music." Her stage gestures, while not extraordinary in themselves, grew from the music and were timed as precisely for the maximum appropriate impact as her high C's.

When the diva taught a six-week master class in operatic interpretation at Juilliard in the winter of 1972, seats in the theater where she taught were hard to come by. Maria Callas would appear in flowing pants, boots, gold chains and pendants, her thick mane of dark hair brushed back from her face. She would take a shy bow, then put on her glasses and go to work.

The New York City Opera's Patricia Brooks came across the Lincoln Center Plaza each day and could be seen relishing each musical phrase Callas would demonstrate. Franco Zeffirelli, who had directed some of the great Callas triumphs of the fifties, was there chattering excitedly with his friend in anticipation of hearing Maria sing once again. When the first note rang out, Zeffirelli sobbed audibly.

Licia Albanese, the beloved soprano, now retired, was there with her brightly painted face beaming as she clutched an aspiring singer by his elbow and urged him to "pay close attention, you'll learn so much!"

She was right. Callas has an encyclopedic knowledge of the Italian operatic repertoire. She had been coached from the early days of her career by Tullio Serafin, one of the last of the old line of Italian conductors. And Callas has proved to be a born teacher, able to pass on the traditions of discipline and strict adherence to the composer's wishes. She would continually stress that singers must have the same standard of accuracy and exactness of execution that is expected of instrumentalists. In her classes she also demonstrated that



At left:
Maria Callas proved to be a born teacher when she conducted master classes at the Juilliard School of Music at New York's Lincoln Center in 1971 and 1972. (Photo by Louis Peres)



she valued intensity and involvement. She often reminded a student to "vibrate the voice" at key emotional moments. Dynamics were carefully attended and Callas could instantly pick up a sagging rendition with a circular motion of her hand. Rushed tempos were slowed by her request that the student "make the music more generous." A student would sing an aria and then Callas would analyze it, offering suggestions, and then the aria would be repeated. Sometimes she would demonstrate by singing portions of the aria herself. The famous voice is now uneven, but surprisingly strong and affecting. Once, to encourage a young "Rigoletto" to show some passion, Callas sang almost the entire "*Cortigiani, vil razza dannata*" in a ringing baritone of her own. The intensity and emotion she gave to the jester's denunciation was quite awesome and produced a chill that ran through the audience.

For one class, a promising young Wagnerian soprano was assigned the extremely demanding "*Casta diva*" from Bellini's *Norma*. The girl had obviously only given the piece a cursory study and must have considered it to be outside her particular aspirations. She arrived before Maria Callas, one of the great Normas of history, quite unprepared. The girl could not have even *heard* a recording or even studied the aria or she would have known that her copy of the sheet music was missing an important section of the piece.

When she began to sing, careless mistakes of style and phrasing occurred from the first notes. Ever patient, Madame Callas began to correct the young singer. The mistakes kept coming and Callas kept correcting. The hundreds of auditors grew very nervous in anticipation of the famous (and largely misrepresented) Callas temper.

Callas, who was visibly shocked, continued her kindly but increasingly frequent corrections.

"I'm sorry, but I simply cannot let this pass," Callas said, apologetically but firmly stopping the girl yet again. When the student, undaunted and smiling, had finished struggling through the aria and *cabaletta*, Callas coolly announced the end of that day's session and the stunned auditors filed out very quickly. To Maria Callas, the art of singing is a sacred mission, and an incident like this was an obvious disappointment.

At the end of the last class, Callas addressed the many auditors as well as the students in order to restate some of the things she had stressed earlier: notes must always be clearly attacked, with no scooping

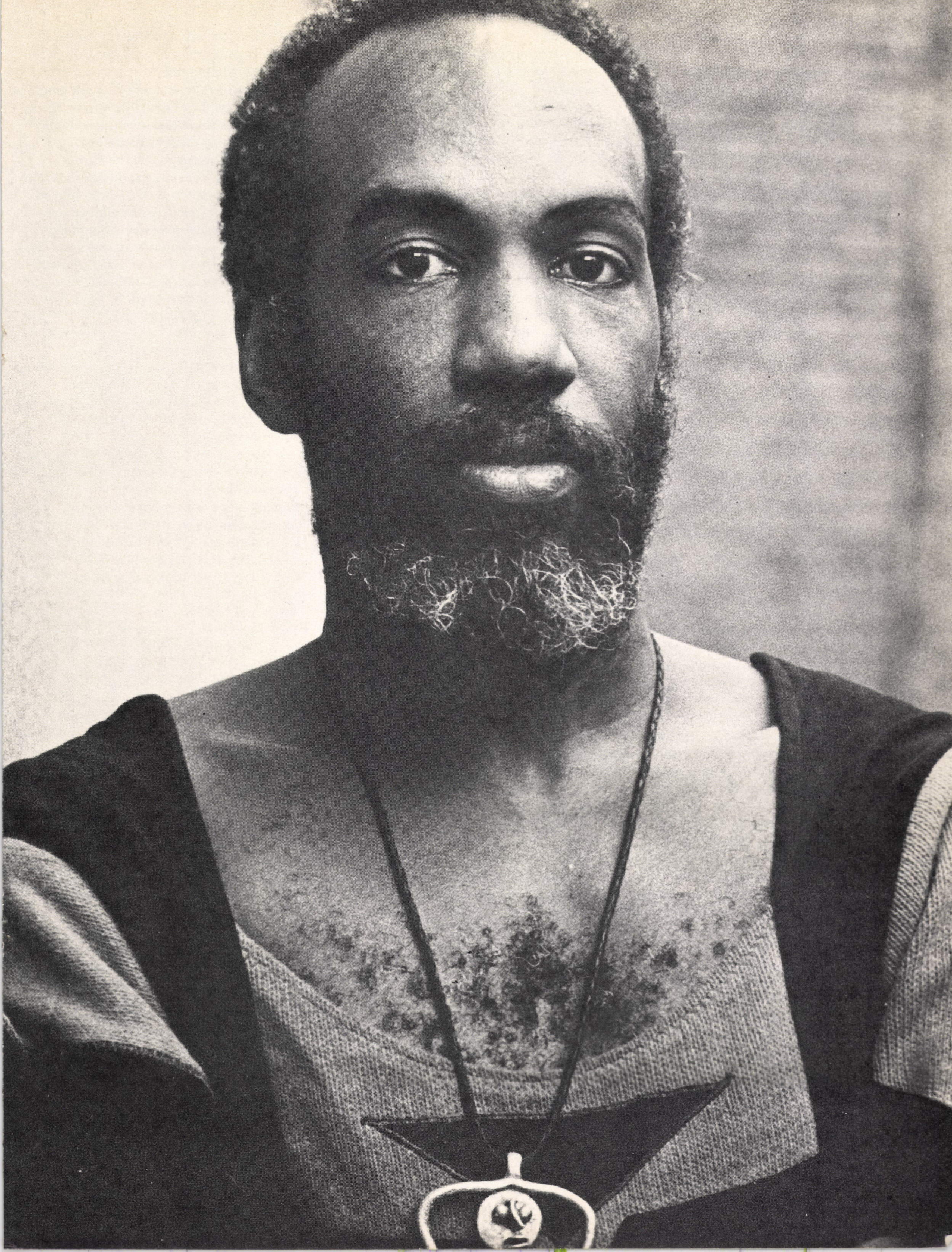
or sliding into pitch; a singer must sing the correct way—not the convenient way ("We have no excuse not to have a technique"). The music must be kept moving—never to be allowed to sag. The inner rhythms must be understood and projected. Each phrase must be an arch, a continuous line from beginning to end, and *never* just a collection of notes. There was not a dry eye in the house when she concluded by saying that if young singers strive to cultivate these musical values, "... it doesn't matter whether I ever sing again or not."

The voice of Maria Callas is one of the most distinctive ever to be captured on recordings. Some people find it ugly; to others it is thrilling and beautiful. It is very hard to describe. It is not a "pretty" voice, but it is most certainly a *great* one. In place of vocal "velvet" and smoothness, Callas offers an incisive voice with a penetrating and a somewhat metallic edge. This "thrust" enables Callas to convey the most intense emotions with absolute authority. Her declamation in roles like Norma or Medea can make some of the "sweeter" voices seem pale indeed. Callas' voice changes color and texture from moment to moment as she conveys varied nuances. It has been observed that she sometimes sings in the manner of a ventriloquist in that she manufactures the required sound from her own natural equipment for very different effects. In other words, Callas uses a different "voice" for each role, one that suits both the character and the composer's musical setting.

More important even than her voice (or voices) is her approach to an operatic role. Most singers give a generalized vocal sound and rely on certain major effects in particular scenes—the big aria or certain brilliant high notes that the public anticipates. They usually reserve their efforts in order to most effectively present these peak moments. However, Callas tries to offer a totally conceived dramatic and musical interpretation. She intends not a string of pretty vocal effects, but the creation in music of characters and situations that sweep onward to a fully realized conclusion. This approach makes it all but impossible to play it safe and hold back for difficult moments.

If Callas' vocal instrument itself is not without flaws, her technique is virtually perfect. Under the guidance of Golden Age singer Elvira di Hidalgo, Callas learned, through relentless discipline, to execute any vocal figure which would possibly be required by the repertoire she had chosen to sing. She attained the ability to achieve full expressive intensity at any volume and any pitch in her voice. Her singing is never vague or general. The emotion and meaning of each word (and note!) is always specifically conveyed at any given instant. This creates

At left:
Among Maria Callas' more noted portrayals was the title role in Cherubini's "*Medea*." (Photo by Piccagliani)



comments of Eleo Pomare), but Hall's interest in tracing the contemporary black experience back to its ritual and racial-historical beginnings have proven of particular interest to contemporary audiences, black and white alike.

Hall formed his Afro-American Dance Ensemble in 1958. In 1971, the company and its dance school blossomed into the Ile-Ife (pronounced *el-ay-efay* and meaning "house of love" in Nigerian) Black Humanitarian Center, which now occupies four buildings in North Philadelphia and offers classes to both adults and children in vocal and instrumental music; African, Haitian, and Cuban drumming; acting, lighting, directing, dramatic writing, and choral speaking; ceramics, silk-screen, painting, sculpturing, and photography—as well as modern, tap, and ethnic dance, and ballet. Funded initially under the federal government's Model Cities Cultural Arts Program (a program which expires next fall), the center regularly trains about 2,000 persons (most of whom take classes in several different disciplines).

In 1972, yet another project, the Ile-Ife Museum of Afro-American Culture, became a reality when the Philadelphia National Bank moved out of a building in the neighborhood and donated it to Hall to house the center's growing collection of artifacts of black culture.

Hall's *Orpheus*, based on the Greek legend as retold in the Brazilian movie, *Black Orpheus*, became the runaway hit of last summer's Festival '73, sponsored jointly by the Philadelphia Cultural Alliance and the First Pennsylvania Bank. It was brought back to the Schubert Theater for two additional sold-out weeks later in the summer, and Hall hopes to take the production (thought to be the first full-length black ballet) on a coast-to-coast tour this fall.

I spent two days with Hall recently, talking, watching rehearsals, visiting the center and the museum. Hall himself exhibits all the drive and strength typical of his astrological sign (he's an Aries born on the cusp of Taurus), but he's a quiet, almost gentle man as well. One of his dancers perhaps summed up the secret: "All of us have this really strong *belief* in Art. He doesn't tell us exactly what to do—that's why you see so many different things getting done, I think. Everything comes from him, though, and it's all based around dance. And it's a whole other style, a whole other type of dancing."

Hall was born in Memphis, Tennessee, and grew up hearing the blues on Beale Street. When the family moved to Washington, D.C., he got his first taste of performing by doing a walk-on with the Negro National Opera Company; when the family moved on

to Philadelphia, he began to dance, studying at the Judimar School (where Judith Jamison of the Alvin Ailey company also got her start).

He began studying primitive dance at Judimar with John Hines, a former member of the Katherine Dunham Company (Miss Dunham is the black anthropologist-choreographer who introduced African and Caribbean dance styles to the entertainment world through her popular revues in the forties and fifties). At the same time Hall became friends with Saka Ackquaye, a young dancer-musician from Ghana, with whose small company he performed in Philadelphia for two years.

Next came his Army duty in Germany (Hall was in the Special Services division and managed to do some performing and choreography, in addition to making a dance film), after which he returned to Philadelphia, in 1957, to teach at the Sidney King Dance Studio.

Working with students from that and other local dance schools, Hall formed his Afro-American Dance Ensemble. "We had a double concept from the very beginning," he relates, "to present both the African culture and the American culture. Because all of us were born here, in the United States; there was no way to get around that. So I did some of the dances I'd learned from Saka, as well as things I would create myself, based on such American forms as the Cakewalk and the Charleston. At the same time I worked as a machine operator in order to be able to pay for costumes, or to get tickets printed, or to make the down-payment on a performance hall."

The company continued to expand over the next few years (it now has thirty-two members), with performances in schools, colleges, and the Philadelphia park system, eventually leading to the important relationship with the Model Cities program in 1971. Two booking agents from New York (Susan Penslur of Musical Artists, and Harold Shaw of Shaw Concerts) also figured significantly in guiding the company's success by arranging dates around the country, including performances at Connecticut College and Jacob's Pillow, the East Coast's most prestigious summer dance-festivals.

Hall began working on *Orpheus*, which combines African mythological themes with a contemporary love story, during his second summer of teaching at Jacob's Pillow. When approached by the Greater Philadelphia Cultural Alliance about a project for last summer's festival, he had a ready suggestion, and the successful collaboration began. (*Orpheus* was performed, in its entirety, last November for the inmates of Graterford Prison. "We thought dance in prison might just be the biggest flop of the year," said

Hall, "but the response was incredible. I'll never forget those reactions, the way those men opened up to us.")

Hall's next project will be a full-length work entitled *City Called Heaven*, based on black gospel music and spirituals—"taking them and using them to create messages about what's happening in the streets today." Using live music and African drums, the selections will include "I Been 'Buked and I Been Scorned," which will feature "that old black woman with a shopping bag—you see her everywhere—she's the maid, the domestic, the one who's been through it all, has seen her son and husband killed and has foreseen her own death." "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" will be danced by a black couple and will be about "black men constantly getting crucified—in riots, in lynchings, in not being able to get a job." "Deep River" will concern "all kinds of oppression"; "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho" will deal with "overcoming the drug scene."

Hall's Ile-Ife center, located in the rough and tension-filled ghetto area of North Philadelphia, manages to be a warm and friendly place, always humming with activity. Hall's own office and living quarters are located on the third floor of the dance studio. The decor is heavily eclectic, drawn from the cultures of Africa, the Middle East, and India ("I feel a strong affinity between Africa and the East," he explains). His library also indicates wide-ranging tastes: from *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* to Hedy Lamarr's *Ecstasy and Me*; the Koran and Aleister Crowley's *Book of Thoth*; handsomely bound Bibles and several books on Zen; *Let's Cook It Right* and *Divine Horsemen of Voodoo*. Everywhere there are statues, lithographs, carvings, paintings, batiks, and pottery that evoke the African tradition, many of them the work of students at the school or company members, such as the series of window-shade paintings by Norman Mills (one of the Ensemble dancers depicting the pantheon of the Yoruba (Nigerian) religion (with the traditional representation on one side and Norman's own depiction on the other)).

St. Elmo McKelvey, the young dancer who showed me the museum (like many of the company members, he formerly belonged to a ghetto street gang), spoke with a kind of hushed pride as he related the history, the meaning, the specialness of each artifact. There were drums ("We tell our young people not to bang on them, except to make music, with respect, for the heads always come from a living thing") and other musical instruments; bronze cast-jewelry ("These rings are from Ghana and are all symbolic, with the alligator representing strength, the tortoise humanitarianism, and



*Above:
James Crawford dances the role of Death in Arthur Hall's full-length black ballet, "Orpheus."*

*At left:
Thomas Myles and Evangeline Brown, who play the lead roles of Orpheus and Sarafina in Hall's ballet, take their dancing to the streets. (Photos by Bruce Stromberg)*

the bird wisdom—everything is up there in the air, it's up to us to pull it down"); story cloths ("The old ladies make these, then teach the symbols to the little girls so that they can pass them on"); various statues and carvings; even a chess set and it's "humanitarian side" counterpart—several small bronze figures representing the non-warriors of an African village ("Most chess sets just show the protectors, but this shows the people at home as well"). Some of the representations were surprisingly like the symbols we find in the Western and Judeo-Christian traditions: the Libra, the fish, the crossed swords of state, the disobedient woman turned into a pillar of salt (like Lot's wife). And the former bank vault has been transformed into a shrine for Oshun, the Yoruba goddess of love and beauty.

"Once you step outside the door," said St. Elmo, motioning out of the museum, "it's a whole different world. But we never have any problem inside. The building itself demands respect. Everything is set up for atmosphere. In a way, this is a collage of our entire culture."

Back in Hall's quarters, we viewed a film made by Ray Hartung (a young white man associated with the center) depicting the broad scope of Ile-Ife's contributions to the community and to dance. In it, the dancers speak frankly about the center's significance in their lives. One former gang-member's words will stay with me a long time: "If I weren't here, I'd be in jail, or dead, or have a house full of kids and be doing nothing."

Hall concluded: "Underneath Cuba, Brazil, Haiti, Harlem, the Supremes, Ray Charles—everything—there is this basic spirit that transcends everything. It's just there, in all of us, and it comes from Africa. We're all saying the same thing. Our dances show the underlying spirit of black people everywhere."

"Black dance is just black people dancing. Everyone sees it differently, however he likes, and there's room for everybody. Our dance doesn't have to do with shade of color, size, or age. It represents everything that we are, and everything that we have—the school program, the museum, everything—comes from the dance."

II. ALVIN AILEY

"My concept has always been to have a multi-racial company," says Alvin Ailey, whose outstanding success as a black choreographer has brought criticism in some quarters for just that diversity. "A multi-racial company that makes a connection with the American dance past and future, and, very strongly, with the black past and future. But I'm tired of the idea of segregated companies."

Ailey was born in Texas, grew up in Los Angeles, studied dance with the late Lester Horton (who taught a brand of modern dance heavily steeped in a variety of ethnic styles—black, Japanese, American Indian, and Mexican-American among them), danced with Horton's company and took over its management for a short while after Horton's death in 1953, danced in the movies (*Carmen Jones* and *Lydia Bailey*) and then on Broadway (*House of Flowers* and *Jamaica*). His company debuted in New York in 1958 at the 92nd St. YM-YWHA and quickly climbed the ladder to success, touring the Soviet Union to great acclaim in 1970 and joining New York's City Center of Music and Drama culture-compound (New York City Ballet and City Center Joffrey Ballet were already members) in 1972.

Last summer the company enjoyed a spectacular reception at the Baalbeck Festival in Lebanon. "We danced outdoors, in a temple like you've never seen—it makes the Parthenon look like a matchbox. The Romans built it because they wanted to show off. We did five performances there, on the same stage that Nikolais and Béjart and The Royal Ballet had been on. Surrounded by these enormous pillars and steps; we were absolutely dwarfed—it was like dancing in the eye of God. It was a great success. They particularly liked Judy, and kept on yelling 'Cry! Cry! Cry!' every time that she did her solo."

Judith Jamison, John Parks, Sara Yarborough, Mari Kajiwarra, Hector Mercado—the whole present crop of Ailey superstars—were all back in full force for the Ailey company's winter season at City Center. The dance backgrounds and racial or national origins of the company members vary widely, as do the types of dance courses offered at Ailey's 700-student school, where young dancers are required to take courses in jazz, classical ballet (Cecchetti and Russian styles), as well as several very different schools of modern dance (Graham technique, Humphrey-Weidman technique, Horton, Limón, and Dunham techniques).

"I'm out to preserve a link with the modern dance past," Ailey stresses. "My idea is to have two historical wings in the repertory—one called 'The Roots of American Dance' and housing things like Ted Shawn's *Kinetic Molpai*, which we revived last year, and works by other pioneers such as Ruth St. Denis and Doris Humphrey. The second wing would emphasize black American choreographers—Katherine Dunham, who's already set *Choros* for us and who I hope will do more, and others such as Pearl Primus and Janet Collins. Collins danced with everyone—on Broadway, as the first black dancer with the

Met, and then, in California, with Horton and Carmen de Lavallade. She's out there teaching now. Her dances were really beautiful—she was a fantastic instrument."

Ailey also wants to develop young choreographers—dancers within his own company (such as Estelle Spurlock and John Parks), black choreographers outside his company (he mentioned George Faison and Raymond Sawyer, from the West Coast, in particular), and "other young choreographers, like Lar Lubovitch and Louis Falco, as well."

Last month the company traveled to Paris, where they're dancing for a month (January 15 through February 10) in the 4,000-seat Palais des Sports (the house Maurice Béjart and his Ballet of the Twentieth Century play when in the city). Future plans include an Ellington Festival (works by a large number of choreographers to various selections from the Duke Ellington discography) and, possibly, a new ballet with music commissioned for the company from a black soul singer such as Donny Hathaway, Stevie Wonder, or Marvin Gaye.

Ailey himself insists he's "taking a sabbatical" from choreographing for a while, and concerning himself solely with the artistic direction of the company.

"Everything's predicated on the money-raising thing," he says. "That always haunts you, no matter how well you organize. Everything we do trembles on finances." Prior to the winter City Center season, Ailey said that the company was \$280,000 in debt "and we haven't paid the rent on our building for seven months."

"I want to be a company that can afford to experiment, even to fail," he emphasizes. "We have to be so careful."

"I also *want* to be a popular company, a company of the people. That's why I want to do the Stevie Wonder thing. And this is why I think Ellington is just as important as Stravinsky. I try to choose pieces in terms of their weight, the relevance to the popular repertory. Both John Butler's *Carmina Burana* and Jose Limón's *Missa Brevis*, which we've added to the repertory, seem to have a good chance of moving in the way of becoming popular repertory pieces. I hope."

"We're also show-biz. And I'm not ashamed of that. Black people have had a long tradition of that, and it's one of the things we, as a company, do very well."



Above:
Former Alvin Ailey dancer Leland Schwantes and
present principal Hector Mercado during a
rehearsal break at the Ailey studios, located in a
former church on East 57th Street in New York.
(Photo by Frank Derbas)

At left:
Alvin Ailey is founder and artistic director of the
Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theater.



ELIZABETH ASHLEY: THE RISE AND FALL OF A BROADWAY PROM QUEEN

by Shaun Considine

It is 73 comfortable degrees in the back garden of Henry Fonda's townhouse; yet, up the stairs behind closed French Doors, houseguest Elizabeth Ashley sits with a magenta wool cape wrapped around the goose bumps on her arms. Liz has been blowing hot and cold all week, she says. It's the pills she's been taking, prescribed by a doctor, to bring on menstruation, now five weeks late; but she's not pregnant, thank God. They've checked. These things happen to Liz. She's hyperactive, her head and body are always speeding along at 100 m.p.h.; she doesn't have time to stop for periods—or commas, semi-colons, or, Polo Lounge chitchat.

Liz loves to talk; she's a caution with dialogue, I'm told. Just turn on a tape recorder and let her go. For openers she states that she doesn't normally give interviews, that they always make her sound supercilious and removed. And, besides, a few years back she got slaughtered in print by an ex-friend. But today bygones are bygones (except for the ex-friend). Liz has a new attitude, a new life, and a new movie, *Paperback Hero*, which she thinks is the best thing she's ever done, and if an interview will help to get people to see it, well she's game to let go of a million words—with few wasted.

"I've done a lot of crap," she says, "but *Paperback Hero* is good. The movie was shot in Canada, and it deals with the death of culture myths, something I'm very interested in at this point of my life. Keir Dullea plays the male lead. I play a woman called Loretta. She loves him, and loses. She's on the bottom of a triangle actually, not a *ménage*, though. We've seen Loretta in movies before, but always at the end of the road. Remember Pat Neal in *Hud*? Well, Loretta is something like that—before she's spent her last hope. She's a loser as far as the Monopoly board is concerned, but, God, I like her. She's older than I am. She's all woman—animal and soul. It's so damn easy to take on a winner, but if you're already on the bottom, you've got nothing to protect, no phony identity values to cling to. I identify strongly with losers. I should. Not too long ago, there but for God and my analyst . . . I was well on my way to winding up at the bottom of life's garbage dump."

Up close, mute, at the ripe age of thirty-three, there are no visible signs to imply that Elizabeth Ashley lingered, let alone drove, past any of life's refuse stations.

At left:
Elizabeth Ashley, who starred in the Los Angeles production of "Mary C. Brown and the Hollywood Sign," poses with a view of the sign that helped inspire Dory Previn's play. (Photo by Jay Thompson)

Her face is unlined, free of floor scars or liquor love-marks. Her body is slender and solid, although she does slouch occasionally. But on cue, for added emphasis, she can pile her maple brown hair on top of her head, square her shoulders, and sweep through Fonda's living room; and with her elegant nose one inch above eye level (your's and mine), she casually and incisively dismisses all archaic establishment taboos, looking less a survivor of hard times and more a hot contender for *The Babe Paley Story*, *avec* grit.

Liz's press releases are equally contoured: "Born in Florida; raised in Baton Rouge; one year at Louisiana State U.; enrolled in New York's Neighborhood Playhouse in 1960; made Broadway debut in 1961; became a Hollywood Star in 1964; married George Peppard in 1965, clothes by Donald Brooks, jewels by Kenny Lane; gave birth to a son, 1967; divorced Peppard, 1970; Liz is now fiercely dedicated to picking up the tracks of her once brilliant career."

"That's mostly bullshit," she declares. "There are holes you could drown in. I said I retired, but that's not true. I ran, I quit. I had a nervous breakdown. And the whys and the wherefores of that are imbedded in the story of my life, which is very boring, but if you're up to it I'll tell you."

Liz grew up in Louisiana. She was raised by her mother after her father left home. Her mother was and still is one of the most remarkable women she's ever known. "To her the rules of the game were truth, integrity, and character. And as a kid I never measured up to her standards. She wanted me to go to college, get an education, be true to myself. I didn't want any of that. I hated school. I wanted to be a cheerleader, to stay out and drink beer with the boys. I was Miss Looney Tunes in my head. My main ambition was to get pinned. Everything in the fifties was just a preamble to the great man-hunt—*Honey, you're gonna go out there and get one for you!* I came to New York to be one of those women that Hemingway used to describe as "an adventures." I wanted it all: the glamour, the men, the excitement. But I had no money and no skills, so rather than work in a dime store or as a waitress, I became a model. Of course, I wasn't the model type; my features were all too succinct, but I did get a job on Seventh Avenue, modeling for Jonathan Logan, which was the pits as far as high fashion was concerned. The big money was in TV commercials, but I couldn't get on TV unless I lost my thick Southern accent. Someone suggested acting lessons. And that's how I got into acting. I never planned

it, but, looking back now, I could have picked any five facts of my life that pointed in that direction—I was conceited, neurotic, insecure, dumb, and flamboyant. So what else is a girl like that going to do? You become an actress."

Liz thinks all performers are begging for love. Applause and attention to them is like insulin to a diabetic. "I get very angry when actors say, 'Oh, it's just another profession, like a banker or a lawyer.' They're full of it. They're up there on that stage for applause, because they want to be noticed. Everyone wants to be admired, but few people put it to the lengths that an actor does. Everyone, from Troy Donahue to Laurence Olivier, at the inception of their careers, was motivated, not by the passion of the lines, but by the chance to stand there and say, 'Hey look at me, like me, love me.' And once they get that attention, they're hooked."

Ashley's addiction to attention came with *Take Her, She's Mine*, in 1962. In a rapid turn of the pastel pages: she won a Tony; she appeared on the covers of *Life*, *Look*, and the *Baton Rouge Gazette*; she married a handsome young actor, James Farentino; she signed a long-term contract with Paramount Pictures; and Neil Simon tailored *Barefoot in the Park* especially for her.

"I was Broadway's Prom Queen for two straight years," Liz recalls with two-fifths pride and three-fifths put-down. "And I never had a better time in my life. Everywhere I turned I saw myself smiling and taking bows. In between the two plays I flew out to Hollywood to become a Movie Star. That's all I wanted. Forget the theater, I conquered that; now I wanted the world. Thank God I had this marvelous agent, Stark Hesselstine, who knew when to pull my ropes in—otherwise I would have ended up as Annette Funicello. I made my film debut in that million-dollar tribute to bad taste, *The Carpetbaggers*, and I loved every minute of it. It was such a geeky movie, all those people dressing up and carrying on like stink, without a moment of reality to intrude upon their fantasies. At that time the whole bitch-fight in Hollywood was over who would play the two blondes, so I walked away with the only good part. I also got George Peppard, the star of the show. What more could a popcorn moron want?"

Her affair with Peppard had nothing to do with the breakup of her marriage to Farentino. "That had already busted. Jimmy and I were only kids, playing at marriage. Today we're very close friends. Of all the people I've been married to, on and off the books, Jimmy's my favorite, and I adore Michele. I couldn't stay married to him because I was starting to crack up. I came back from California to do *Barefoot in the*

Park, and I found myself falling apart. I was one of those girls who had become successful too fast. I had arrived at *it*, but *it* wasn't enough anymore. I had everyone's love, so I wanted their respect, and you don't get that by just asking for it. Also, I was beginning to realize that I wasn't very good as an actress. Once you got beyond the cute gimmicks and the husky voice, there wasn't any substance. Most of my life I had felt like a vaccination that never took. I didn't know *who* I was, but I suspected that whoever it was, it wasn't much. I was already in analysis, but I just couldn't connect. At twenty-four I had become a raging schizoid. I couldn't cross the street without a scene in my head. All the frustration I had inside I turned on the people around me. If you're beating up on yourself, you tend to beat up on the people around you. Neil Simon was an incredibly kind man to me, and, believe me, I wasn't an easy girl to be kind to. Robert Redford and Mildred Natwick were also in *Barefoot in the Park*. I was a bitch to both of them. Oh, there were so many people I turned on. I can't ever make it up to them, but I hope they understood."

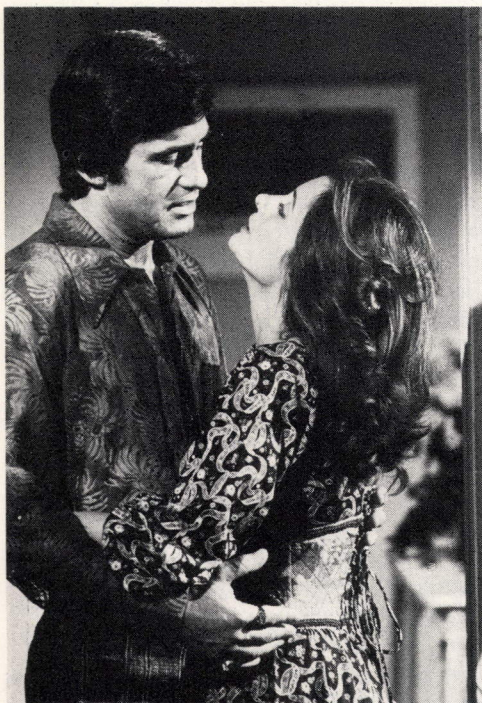
Liz bought her way out of *Barefoot* for \$35,000 ("which was \$10,000 more than Richard Burton paid to get out of *Camelot* to do *Cleopatra*"). She flew to London to join Peppard, who was making a movie with Sophia Loren. The press reported her flight as a big romance; she describes it as her flight to catatonia.

"I locked myself in a house in London. I couldn't move or see anyone. François Truffaut wanted me to go to Paris to talk to him about doing *Fahrenheit 451*. I refused. I also turned down *What's New, Pussycat?* and *Hawaii*. I sat in that house and let my career slide right by me. I had already done *Ship of Fools*, in which I was very bad. Not bad-bad, but bad-cheap. I just walked through the movie like I was walking through life, like a scared somnambulist. I clung to George—for all the wrong reasons. We returned to California and did a movie together, *The Third Day*. Warner Brothers made that just to capitalize on our relationship, and it bombed, which served them right. They didn't use me because I was any good as an actress, oh, no, they wanted me because I was sleeping with George and getting all that publicity. That's when I decided, okay, if I'm going to whore, I'm going to be the whoremaster. I'd pick the parts to benefit me. But there weren't any other parts, nothing good, anyway; my name was worthless. And then an interview came out which drove me over the top."

A friend asked Liz if she could interview her for *New York* magazine. Liz said fine, terrific, come out to California, and they would talk. The friend never showed up, but

the story did. "I couldn't believe it. There I was saying banal things like 'Audrey Hepburn is asexual and I'm the Great American Dream.' All these vicious, vacuous observations which I never made. I called this friend, and she started to cry over the phone. She said she never wrote the story as it appeared. All she did was make some notes and the editor turned them into quotations, *my* quotations. I called the editor, Clay Felker, and I told him I wanted a retraction or else I would sue. He laughed and said, 'Oh, don't be ridiculous, Liz, everyone who knows you knows that you talk like that.' I couldn't believe it. As you know, print is a very strong thing. You can shout to the rooftops, tell your friends, your lover, your family, that you never said those things, and deep down, even though they love you, they still think, 'Well, maybe you didn't mean it to sound like that.' But when I never even gave the interview? Also I was suffering from paranoia, and that tends to dilute your case anywhere, anytime. So I retreated. Inside I let the last vestige of my own value crumble. I still don't understand the gratuitous cruelty of that story, but it thoroughly wiped me out. So I announced my retirement and I married George."

Liz pauses to probe among the expensive knick-knacks on Fonda's mahogany coffee table. She finds and opens her second pack of cigarettes, lights up, and, in an attempt at levity, she tries to verbally dismiss her marriage to Peppard through a single smoke ring. She fails. She admits the marriage, though painful, was important to her. It lasted five years. It was doomed before it started, mainly because she looked on George, not as a husband-lover, but as the father figure she never had. "And when you create the father of your dreams, you also create the father of your nightmares. I was unfair to put him in that role, but after shutting everything out, I regressed to my childhood, looking for the father I never knew. I wasn't very honest, as a woman; no woman is when she's playing a role or projecting an image on someone else. My years with George weren't very happy years, but they were growing years, and we have a beautiful son. I went back to school. I made new friends. And I returned to analysis, to a marvelous woman who saved everything of value in my life and threw out all the junk. Eventually George and I broke up. We had to. We could have had one of those *arrangements* so many couples have—stay married in name and sleep with whomever you wish. I can't do that. When something is over I have to leave. You can be lonely alone, but lonely *together* is a killer. After the divorce I had to go back to work to support myself. I refused to take alimony because I also believe that if you're not going to live with a man, then



Above left:
Elizabeth Ashley and James Farentino ("my friend and favorite husband") were recently reunited in an episode of NBC-TV's "Police Story."

Above:
Although the ball is over, "Broadway Prom Queen" Elizabeth Ashley has no delusions about someone showing up with a glass slipper. (Photo by Shaun Considine)

At left:
In her first Hollywood endeavor, Elizabeth Ashley bypassed the bitch-fight among the blondes for "The Carpetbaggers" and consequently stole the movie—and George Peppard.

Following page right:
In "Paperback Hero," Elizabeth Ashley plays a loser who is loved and left by hockey player Keir Dullea. According to Liz, this move offers their best work to date.

you shouldn't let that man support your life. So I'm back working again, as an actress. Sad tale isn't it?"

With her past buried, Liz laughs and grabs her five-year-old son, Christian, as he comes running through the room. Christian Peppard, a blond, blue-eyed, three-foot replica of his dad, wants to play. Liz shakes her head. "I'd like to, Christian, honest," she tells him, "but I've got this interview to finish first. Do you know what an interview is?" Christian doesn't, but he doesn't wait for an explanation either. He grins, hitches up the waistband of his corduroy trousers, and runs downstairs to the garden. Liz says she really lucked out by getting him for a son. He has taught her a great deal. He has taught her how to be honest. It's not possible to fool a child. Children have no choice but to love and trust their parents, and parents have to commit an awful lot of monstrosities on them to lose their love. Christian has also taught her patience, how to wait for the little moments in life, not the big events. He goes along wherever she works. She left him behind in California once and he was petrified when he found her gone. Never again. Her career will never be that important.

When Liz announced her comeback three years ago, no one shouted hooray. Producers and agents didn't know how to cast her. ("I was no longer an ingénue, and I wasn't in the O.T.B.—old tired broad—category.") She also had that "difficult" reputation to overcome. She has succeeded. In the past two years she has made nine TV movies. She has also done two plays, *Mary C. Brown and the Hollywood Sign*, in California, and *The Enchanted*, at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. And then there's *Paperback Hero*, which she sincerely hopes will make it.

"Everyone connected with the movie really believed in it. We were paid very little money. We settled for a percentage instead. I've never seen such enthusiasm from a movie company. My dressing room was the ladies' room of a truck stop in Saskatchewan. It was bitterly cold, but no one complained. The cameraman, the electricians, the grips, everyone had a copy of the script in their back pocket. There was none of that old Hollywood chain of command where the director is the Great White Father, the cameraman is his subordinate, and the actors are children who can't construct a sentence with a subject and a predicate. All that is so destructive to creativity and few people can overcome it. Cassavettes does; he's a treasure and they don't know it. Mike Nichols does; he's a genius who's very much in touch with his own center, which is obviously a very productive, good place."

Liz's center is fed mostly by her friends

today. She's "involved" with someone, but she doesn't care to talk about him. "Relationships, *good* relationships, are better when there's less talk and more doing—for each other. I'll always be involved; I'm not awfully good at carrying the load alone. But I doubt if I'll ever marry again. I'm not too good at marriage either. My life is very tribal now. My friends are my family. The conventional rules don't apply to my life anymore. I've seen too many human beings crippled by the roles they have to play for society. Culture myths are a lie and the biggest lie of all is the male-female role that has been handed down to us from generation to generation. I grew up in the Deep South, surrounded by *macho* locker-room jocks, and for harmony and company the women played the female counterpart. Women were supposed to be wan and weak and preferably dim, and they were only with each other because they couldn't be with a man. That's changed today. More and more women are finding strength and faith from one another. They're stepping out and calling their own shots. This is a very remarkable time to be a woman and I consider myself very fortunate that I can be a part of what is happening today. When I was growing up in the fifties, I found my role very painful. I was *not* Miss America. I wanted to be cute and blonde and have a perfect nose and body. Let's face it, I looked like hell then, but only in comparison to Linda Sue, the all-American prototype. I escaped by becoming an actress. If I hadn't, I could have become the town tramp, trying too hard to please, in compensation for not measuring up. That's glib. Who knows what would have happened? Today women don't have to fit into set roles. They can be what they want, do what they want, and speak out when they want, especially when they're being hurt. That old 'grin and bear it, dear, you're a woman' maxim has been exposed and thrown out. And with the new assurance and pride that's replaced it, that old killer, 'competition,' has also been leveled, because the spotlight is no longer doing a solo on Linda Sue, it's covering every woman who cares to call for it.

"I go out of my way today to seek out remarkable women. Two of my closest friends, along with my mother, are Judy Abbott and Dory Previn. They are a privilege to my life. Not only do I respect and admire them, I love and need their company. They are an integral part of my existence. They have also made me look at the male role with compassion and understanding. That's why I wouldn't describe what is happening today as *women's* liberation—it's *human* liberation. Because, as bad as it's been for the ladies, it's been twice as hard on the men. From the moment of their birth, they've been given the terrible burden of power—

cultural power. They've been taught as soon as they learn to walk that they've got to be aggressive and strong—strength contrary to human fiber—and the more they played out these roles, the more the animal screamed. The base of all roles is the sexual role we play, and for years we've been forced to let our sexuality be governed by our national culture. Civilization told us that a man makes love to a woman to reproduce. You weren't supposed to be out there screwing for pleasure. Also, if a man didn't have an arsenal on his wall or in his pants, then he was a fag. Beautiful human beings were mutilated and scorned without any court of appeal. I don't know for sure what my reaction would be if my son grew up and found out he was homosexual, but I do know I would not turn away from him. When any two human beings find physical, emotional, and spiritual enjoyment and fulfillment together, no one should point a finger and say 'Wrong! You can't do that because you're a man and a woman, or a man and a man, or a woman and a woman, and our culture doesn't permit that.' I don't believe in that old Calvinist ethic that you have to suffer on this earth. Everyone should get what they want and hopefully what they like in life, and you shouldn't have to sacrifice your sexuality to get it. Part of the deal in life is that terrible bummers are going to come your way, you don't have to create them. Nourish and exchange what we've got and that will lead to trust, because trust is the *only* thing that will conquer fear."

Four hours, three tapes, and two packages of cigarettes later, Liz is saying farewell. She stands in a doorway on East 74th Street and takes in the row of barred windows and doors lining the block. Bicycles are chained to gates, even the trees are boarded up. "It's frightening," she says. "How does anyone breathe?" Directly across the street, Debbie Reynolds, Broadway's current Queen of the Hop, comes rushing out of her townhouse, pats her blond wig, and hops in a limousine bound for *Irene*. Liz shakes her head and says she doesn't miss any of the old Broadway excitement. "Fifteen years ago, when I first came to town, New York was like a Saturday night hooker, all dressed up in red satin and silver shoes. Now she's like an old tired prostitute with venereal disease. If I had to start all over again, I couldn't hack it in this town. I live in funky Santa Monica now. I've got my own little house, my own peach tree in the yard—nothing fancy. My life is very simple there. Friends drop by and we moan or kick up our heels over a bottle of wine. No fuss, nothing guarded. I think you'd like it. Here, I'll give you the address. If you're out that way, please drop in. We'll have a few laughs, and maybe then we can really get to talk."





BILL BLASS: FASHION IS LIFE

by Norma McLain Stoop

Photos by Kenn Duncan

Co-ordinated by Louis Miele

"I'm from Fort Wayne, Indiana," Bill Blass begins. "It's curious that, in fashion, Norell, too, came from Indiana, and so did Mainbocher. I s'p'ose we all had one thing in common—that was to get *out*!"

Compactly built, he sits behind a big desk that is stacked with magazines, newspapers, opened letters. The bulletin board on the wall behind him is covered with clippings, magazine covers featuring Blass designs, and memos; much of the floor space of his large office is filled with racks of clothes (including a loden coat he brought back from Austria and may adapt this year, and one of his own bathrobes that needs relining). Clutter? If it is, it's certainly well co-ordinated clutter. Busyness boils in the air. His collection of warm-weather wear for women is being shown at the Plaza in a few days, and in his brown-and-white reception room, a photographer knelt on the brown rug as he photographed models in dancy navy

blue chiffons as I opened the outer door with its big B-shaped chrome handles.

Now, in Blass' inner office, a model walks through, screams, and pulls her open kimono about her at the sight of strangers in the sanctum. Chic, slender Marielle Worth (yes, of the Worth fashion and perfume family of Paris), at her desk near Mr. Blass, interrupts her telephone conversation with a giggle as the model scurries through. Somebody's always walking through; the phone is always ringing, but Bill Blass' train of thought never gets off the track.

"I've known since I was very young," he says, "that I wanted to be in fashion, and I was always wildly interested in what I wanted to be. The men's fashions, of course, came on only about eight years ago. It was a rather natural, I felt, extension of doing women's clothes at that particular time, because, in the sixties it was the height of costume dressing and also the first really ethnic dressing for women and what not. I did feel at that time that the poor man over thirty-five was somewhat confused about how he was to look and particularly if his wife was going to be one night a maharani and the next night a Southern belle! Masquerade party getups, and there were not

many people doing anything for the man over thirty-five, and my original intention was to gear the things for that man. As it turned out, of course, it encompassed men of *every* age. The development of men's fashion, which went from the weirdness of the sixties to the gentlemen and the conservativeness of the seventies, is a very healthy progress."

"Could it merely be a cyclical change?"

"There's no question, as you saw this morning when we were photographing the women's clothes, that they're reminiscent of another period. . . ."

"Like the sling-back shoes and the ropes of pearls they wore?" I interject.

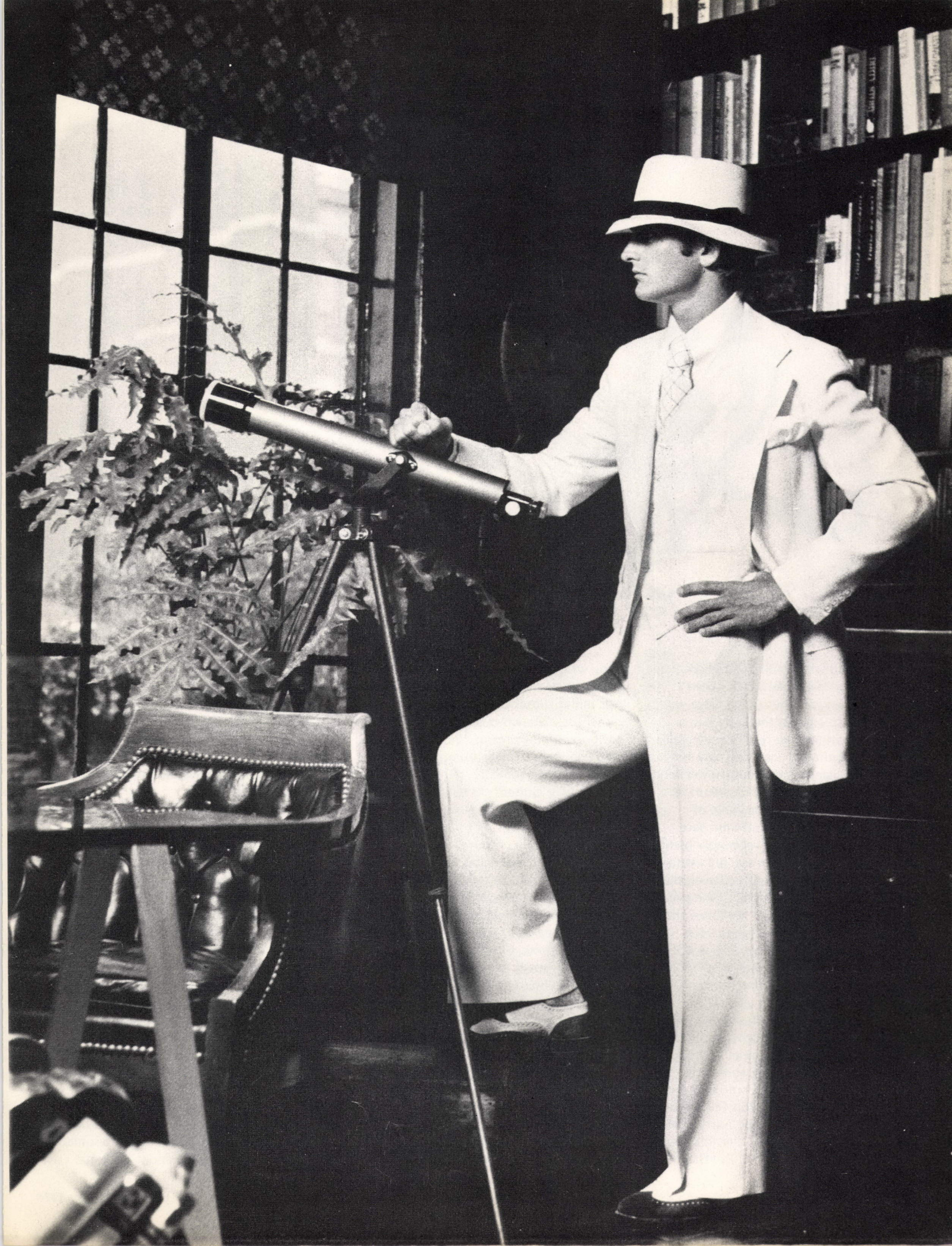
"Yeah. I do think that nostalgia. . . . A big influence on both European and American designers is the old movies on television. But while Paris is on a big fifties and forties kick, I'm still infatuated with the thirties, both for men and women. I think it repre-

Above left:

For Bill Blass, fashion is serious business, as witnesses this portrait of Blass in his office by Norma McLain Stoop.

Opposite page:

John McMurray, one of New York's most popular models, personifies the complete Blass look and attitude in this white wool flannel suit.





At left:

John (left) and Richard Dow sport rough-edged cotton patchwork sport jackets over short-sleeve wool sweaters. Neckties are used as belts, definitely reflecting the Blass touch.

At right:

Robert Blair wears a cotton outfit that is ideal for warm-weather days. The seersucker jacket gets a touch of pizzazz from the turned-up shirtsleeves. And again a Blass necktie serves as belt.

sented a period when ladies and gentlemen existed. As for men, I felt, back when I started designing for them, that there was a way for men to express themselves in a boldness in pattern that hadn't been really seen in this country. It certainly was not a novelty in England—their country-weekend clothes were always very bold, and sometimes downright flashy. The Duke of Windsor was certainly the all-time best-dressed man, and without *seemingly* being over-preoccupied with clothes, did manage to wear the boldest, most effective clothes. So," Blass explains, his electric, blue eyes widening with enthusiasm, "we knew that men loved the clothes they wore from Friday night to Monday morning, and it seemed to me that there were an awful lot of men in an awful lot of professions who didn't *have* to wear the tie, jacket, and suit, and also that the fellows who would put a little expression in their clothes would have a better go at their work and at their lives."

Bill Blass, in turtleneck and slacks, is living proof of his theory. Three-time winner of the Coty American Fashion Critics Award (the third time put him in the Fashion Hall of Fame), winner of many other important fashion awards, sole owner of Bill Blass,

Ltd., which is active in many lines, this Indiana boy who, while still in high school, was selling sketches to Seventh Avenue, in his words, "branched out simply because I got bored doing dresses. Went into swimwear, children's things, furs [for Revillon], linens [for Springmaid], raincoats, and luggage [for United], as a progression of ideas. I had a lot of ideas and nowhere to really execute them. For instance, as to sheets and towels, I found that at least one-half of the bedrooms in this country are occupied by men, so that more and more people wanted tweeds—I have had the most success with the plaids and tweeds and checked ones that really look quite masculine, and I think, by the same token, there are many women who like tailored things as opposed to flowers."

Here's where I make a real boo-boo. "Now you are into men's cosmetics," I say.

"We call them 'grooming gear'," Blass gently corrects me, "because *cosmetics* is not a term used in the men's industry. I started the line about three years ago. Spent a year working with Revlon on the scent (mine is *not* woody—it's *fresh*, with patchouli, lemon, and also marjoram; I worked a long while with their chemists to

get a scent that was different, not woody and unlike the other existing men's scents) and the packaging to develop the kind of thing I wanted. I have about eighteen products in that line, which encompasses quite a wide variety."

"Is grooming gear accepted by all types of men now?"

"No, p'r'aps not. Almost every man uses an after-shave lotion and, of course, a deodorant, but I don't think that cologne or toilet water is used by every man. This is the packaging of the cologne." He hands it to me. Laughs. "Little *BB's* all over—we've got *BB's* on every goddam thing!" [Of course, the first *B* is backward, a very fetching design in itself.]

"Do you think men will ever accept perfume?" I wonder.

"I don't think so. Even women have gotten away from perfume, Norma. Most women prefer to wear cologne or toilet water, too."

"But perfume *lasts* so much longer," I insist.

"Yeah—in theory, it does, but," he chortles, "that's one of the reasons we prefer not to use it! Also, I think there's something a little too demanding about perfume. I





At left:

Robert and Richard show how well a gent can carry off cotton knit sweater ensembles. Straw hats are from Brooks Brothers, New York.

At right:

The Blass men enhance the view in a smart collection of seersucker suits complemented by ultra-suede vests.

don't think a man wants to enter a room and have everybody say, 'My God, here comes Charlie!'"

"Do you find," I ask, reverting to fashion, "that men in different parts of the country stick to their own way of dressing?"

"There's no question," he declares, "that one thing that has changed in the last few years is that men are absolutely determined to wear only the clothes that suit their way of life and the locale in which they live. Curiously enough, the all-time best-dressed man probably in the world is the American cowboy: that is an absolutely classic throwaway chic. When you are in Arizona or Wyoming, you see from time to time a cowboy of such style that you can't believe it. It's partly the attitude; the body's apt to be lean and attractive, but it's more the attitude. Because they lead a somewhat sedentary, lonely life, they have acquired a calm, an authority that a lot of American men don't have. The most *disappointing* group of men in America," he adds sadly, "are the men in Detroit, because this is completely a corporation city where there's corporation dressing, so that if your superior wears a navy blue suit and white shirt, you, by golly, have to, too. You can't, for

instance, drive a Lincoln if your immediate superior drives a Ford, and even if you have an independent income, your wife can't wear *my* clothes if your boss' wife wears Mollie Parnis. There is such a uniformity that it's absolutely depressing to go to any of the major clubs or lunch places in Detroit—or even on the plane getting there—because everybody looks exactly alike!"

With regard to color, when he mentions that, for women, he likes "camels and blond and beige shades—that's a personal thing," I remind him, "But for men, you like the bold. . . ."

"I'm liking it less and less," he interrupts. "It turned out to be my signature, but I think now that a man cannot have a *wardrobe* of bold clothes—you get awfully tired of them. Men have rediscovered, even the young men, that you look positively nifty in a navy blue suit. What I want to put across," he adds very seriously, "is that there's something equally sexy and attractive about somebody looking like a gent! Gary Cooper and Cary Grant, and now Robert Redford, one of our current heroes, has that."

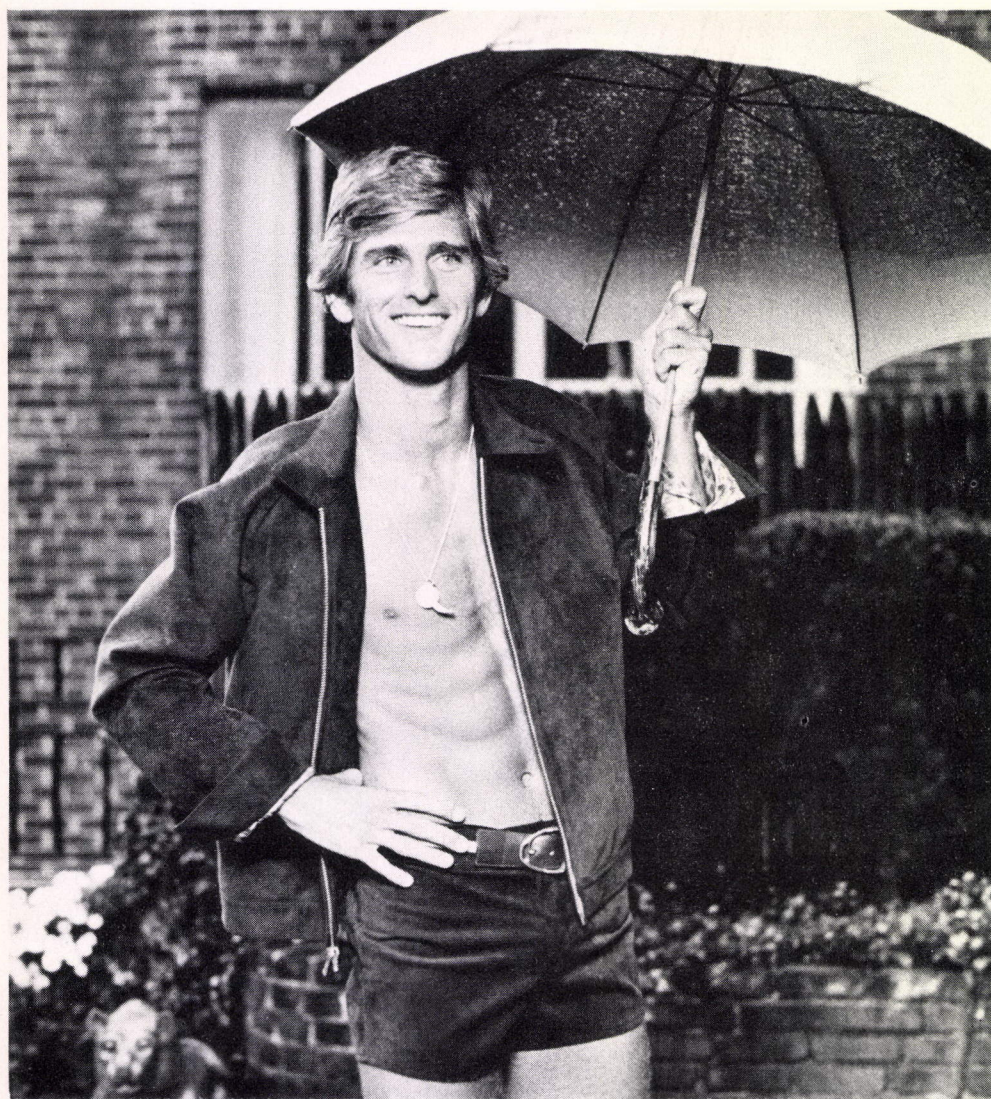
Though he doesn't say it, I feel that richly conservative brown is Bill Blass' own

color: brown and white in his office, brown walls in the bedroom of his East Side penthouse, long brown leather couch in its living room, and a brown-and-white kitchen—not to speak of the mustardy brown turtleneck he's wearing. But right now, he's on to red.

"I always advocate a woman wearing a red dress at a party," he's saying, "because, in a roomful—at least, all the men—in black, red does stick out. White does, too," he concedes, "but it's hard to live up to. It has to be your very best day, to get away with white. As for *men* in the evening, wear nothing but a dinner jacket; black, of course, if you are going out black-tie. For a party in somebody's house, a velvet smoking in brown or black or navy is fine, too. In your own house, you can even wear dark green or dark red. But I think that any kind of tricks for men in the evening are ridiculous, because at night a man is truly the accessory of a dame. She's the one who should stand out—not him. I think the frilled shirts, the metallics, are not only in the worst possible taste, they're just not becoming to a man."

He grins, hesitates, and finally decides to let me in on the laugh. "Know something? I never show my men's and women's





At left:

John hopes for the best in a brown ultra-suede bathing suit and jacket combination.

At right:

Afternoon drinks are enjoyed in casual clothing—exotically colored Indian wrap-pants which open to the thigh. Bill Blass clothing and accessories are available at Bloomingdale's and Barney's in New York, I. Magnin's in Los Angeles and San Francisco, I. Magnin and Bonwit Teller in Chicago, and at Nieman Marcus in Bal Harbor, Florida. All photographs were taken in Mr. Blass' New York apartment.

clothes together, as a rule, because men *always* steal the show! You can show the most extraordinary \$600 or \$700 dress, or \$1000 dress—it's still, I suppose, sort of the novelty of the man, but the man will always be the one who steals the whole scene."

Bill Blass, into so many different things, is peripherally interested in even more. Politics, for instance. "Politics play an interesting role in dressing," he avers. [Oh, oh, we're back to fashion!] "As this is an essentially politically conservative nation (as violent as we may seem, the basic element of the country is wildly conservative), it has an effect on clothes, and with the advent of the Nixon administration, it did bring in a kind of conservatism that we now realize is totally false, but it *did* have an effect on clothes. Much more than current films, for instance. I'm inclined to think that by the time *Gatsby* is released, the particular flair for that type of dressing will be over. The whole *idea* of *Gatsby*-dressing was in the air before the film was even started. I don't think films, except, as I said before, the old

films on television, play a very big role in dressing."

Running a business, designing items of many kinds, traveling constantly, busy to the point that, though he has a house in Maine, he hasn't opened it in two years because he simply hasn't had the time to go there, Blass still finds time to read avidly. "I take and *read* every magazine published, I think, both European and American. I'm a nut," he admits, "on the printed word. How many books a week? A lot. They don't have to relate to fashion, because I feel that the whole point about fashion is that it is *life*. It isn't as rarefied as you might think. There's so much about everything we do that pertains to the way we dress."

With everything *he* does, plus new things he's planning to do ("Women's cosmetics? Surely, yes, at some time in the near future I'm going to do that as well"), there is still one thing Bill Blass has not yet done that he's really itching to do.

"... American automobiles," he leans across the desk and speaks with deep

intensity, "because I feel that's the one area. . . . I don't pretend to be an engineer in any sense, but I do think that the American car doesn't go with the contemporary clothes that people are wearing. I deplore, for instance, all those metallic brocades and things in interiors when they could be plaids and checks. I've been asked, but I haven't quite found. . . . Yes, American Motors *did* ask me to design a car, but I realized that I would have very little to say about the exterior, or really to exercise that much change, so it didn't appeal to me. I'm just waiting for somebody else to ask me. The colors are wrong," Bill Blass insists, his voice tinged with impatience, "and there's so much junk on 'em. Detroit is so wrong in thinking they have to change a car each year. Some of the original cars are far handsomer than the versions they. . . . They *assume* the American public wishes change; they. . . ."

But I've lost the end of the sentence. Detroit, I'm thinking. Detroit. Will that soft, casual turtleneck ever have to give way to a shirt and tie?



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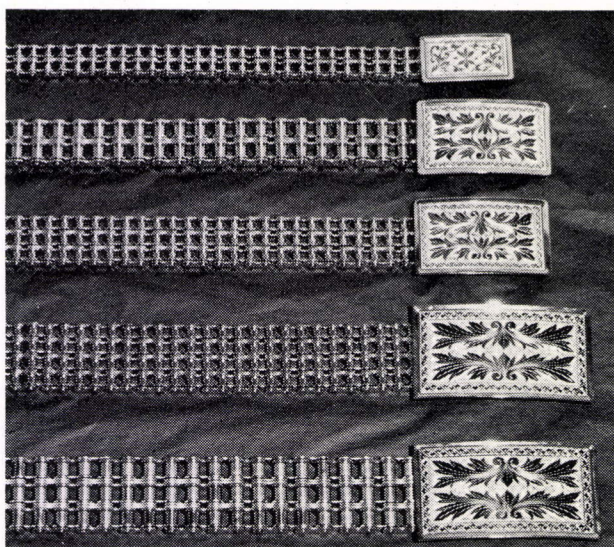
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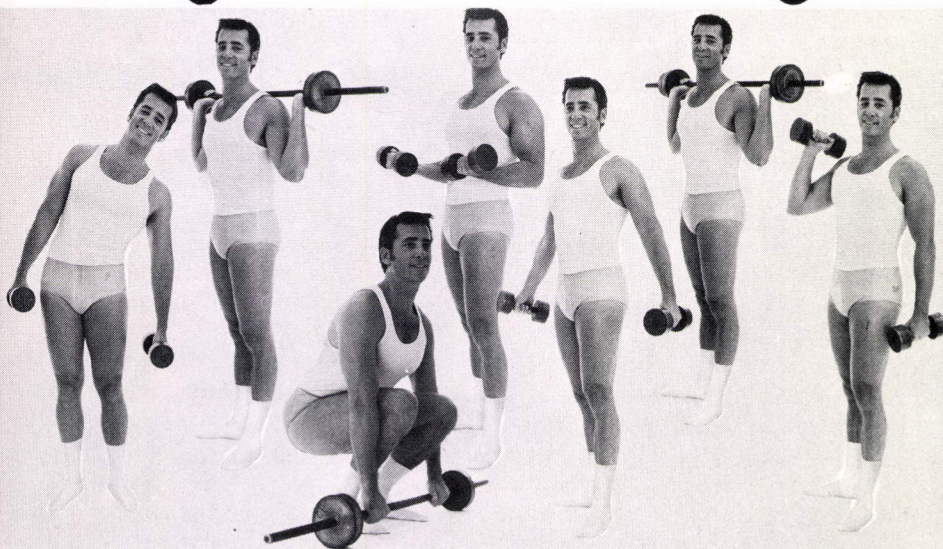
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(continued from p.31)

man into the life of his young homosexual lover after an absence of a year that precipitates the action in the play. It eventually draws in the man's wife and one of the boy's casual tricks, a boorish neighbor. In the interaction among these four, John Hopkins chooses to bring home shocking truths about the ugliness—and beauty—in relationships with others in unsparingly direct dialogue.

Moriarty brilliantly plays Julian Weston, an emotionally volatile young man whose finely sensitive nature makes him a bundle of tautly strung nerves; at times maintaining a fragile exterior of pretended calm, or suddenly exploding in anger, frustration, and despair. He is a cynical yet curiously poetic young man who can mincingly toss off a line like, "Really, darling, do you really think that Mary Magdalene went straight after He died?," but can also write perceptively (and graphically) of his search for love. In a life littered with sick and furtive sexual rendezvous in the bathrooms and parks of the English town where he lives, he nevertheless emerges as somewhat of a sullied angel—something within him bespeaks strength and beauty—and truth.

While Moriarty's role can only be described as a tour de force, it is almost equally matched by the smaller (but no less exciting) role which Jane Alexander creates as the wife who suddenly discovers her husband is not only unfaithful, but also homosexual. The weak, bitter, clever hausfrau, desperately fighting for her marriage of twenty years, comes vividly alive in Jane Alexander's uninhibited and beautifully realized performance. She provides some of the brightest moments of the evening.

Lee Richardson plays Alan Harrison, Julian's lover, who is a weak, perplexed, Rotary-type man caught up in a menopausal decision. Should he leave the familiar terrain of a twenty-year marriage for a turbulent, yet possibly more fulfilling relationship with a man half his age? Richardson is judiciously low-keyed in his portrayal of a man who is something of a rat, but who is chastened by the strength he draws from people he has heretofore treated patronizingly.

John Ramsay, too, is good as the repellent neighbor who can only relate to people on the most primal level.

Edwin Sherin, who recently showed his expertise with the marvelous comedy, *Nourish the Beast*, directs with intelligence, allowing the play to build up in intensity, slowly and unobtrusively.

Finally, *Find Your Way Home*, despite some shortcomings in character development (one questions why Julian would ever be interested in such an unattractive person as Alan), is one of the most thrilling dramas to

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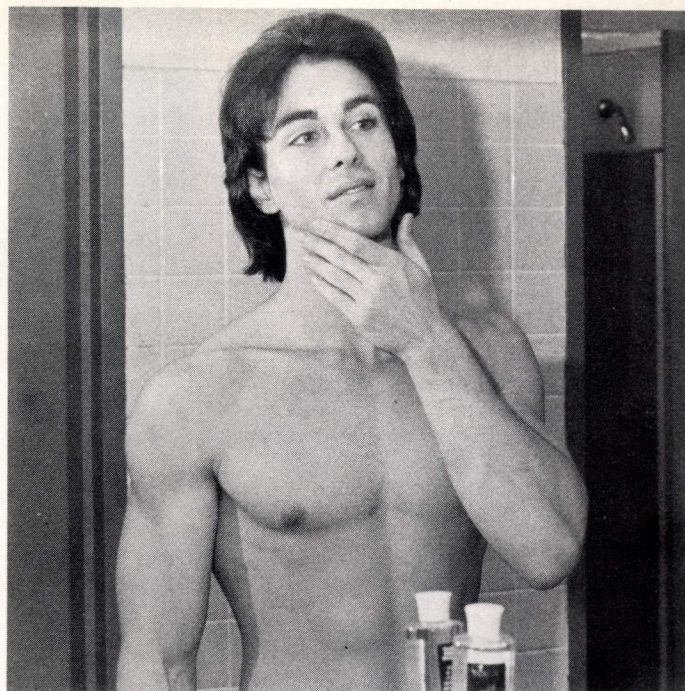
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hit the boards in recent memory. Although it could conceivably be too shockingly frank for some tastes, it is a play that should be seen and savored by many, not only for the brilliant performances, but also because it is an important piece of theater.

Her name is Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, and she is in need of many things—a less abrasive, less modern society, a structurally more secure apartment, a return to a richer, more stratified civilization, and, more immediately, an au pair man. To that end, she has placed an ad in the *London Times*. A gentleman, Eugene Hartigan, comes to call. Not in response to the ad, however, but



Julie Harris and Charles Durning are the charming couple peopling Hugh Leonard's new play, "The Au Pair Man," which is the latest offering at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre. (Photo by Friedman-Abeles)

because Mrs. Rogers has been remiss about a bill for a wall divider purchased some years ago—a wall divider that now stands between her and the total collapse of the apartment. The end result is, in return for destroying all records of the bill, Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers takes on Mr. Hartigan as her au pair man, who is someone who takes no salary, but in return for certain duties (in this case, caretaker of the philatelic collection of her ever-absent husband) he receives in return a home, a hearth, and lessons in refinement.

It is within this frame that Hugh Leonard attempts to dramatize his re-tailoring of the Pygmalion legend, and, *The Au Pair Man*, the latest installment of The New York Shakespeare Festival Lincoln Center, is an engaging, if not entirely satisfying bit of fluff. What Leonard succeeds admirably in doing is creating a magnificent portrait of a very eccentric lady, and, as superbly played by Julie Harris, she is possibly the most charming and endearing character we have met all season. Attractively bewigged, gowned in a variety of costumes, amusingly correct, by Theoni V. Aldredge, and framed in a fabulous set by John Conklin of a rapidly deteriorating Victorian apartment (amply cluttered with a bust of Victoria, portraits of the Royal Family, and fitted with a bell that plays "God Save 'the Queen'"), she is a living anachronism, bemoaning the current incivility rampant on the streets of London and, while the walls fall obliviously around her, insists on the correct pouring of brandy.

The other half of this two-character cast, Eugene Hartigan, a rather boorish but good-hearted Irishman who becomes both the victim and beneficiary of Mrs. Rogers' unorthodox doctrines, comes off less successfully. This is probably due more to the sad miscasting of Charles Durning in a role which clearly belongs to a younger man. Falling in and out of an Irish brogue, Durning basically looks uncomfortable, although he does have some fine comic moments, sinking helplessly as the floor gives way, or catching the precise Mrs. Rogers using a split infinitive.

When treated as a diverting piece of comedy, Leonard's work does have a certain magic. It is when he falls into the heavier, political implications that the play becomes lugubrious and loses the bright, sprightliness of a Shavian comedy. But a play that so luminously and ethereally makes use of the formidable talents of one of the first ladies of American theater, Julie Harris, is certainly not to be dismissed lightly. For in the end the play is hers, and, as such, it is a joy.

When I was in the seminary in Carthage, Missouri, one of the most exciting evenings there was the time when the local community theater borrowed the seminary auditor-

THE BASICS...

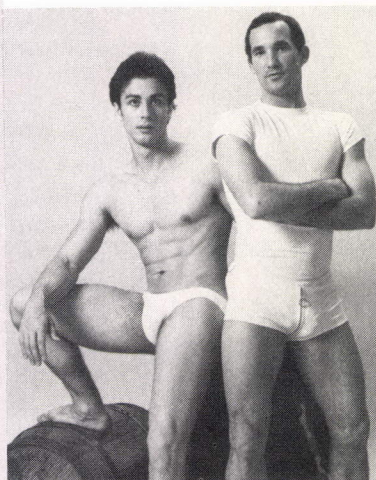
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ium to stage their annual operetta (that year it was *The Music Man*). It was my first contact with live theater and it was thrilling and almost magical to be in the chorus. For many people today community theater is their only contact with theater and, because of this, it has become increasingly important and valuable. Recently, I (now a jaded New Yorker) was invited to attend the Montclair Operetta Club's production of *The Music Man*, and somehow the magic was still there. While they had Equity people playing the leads, the minor roles were played by the local gentry and were acted with a nice polish, and the enjoyment of giving free rein to their thespian dreams was obvious. It was a first-rate show.

Damn Yankees, at the Meadowbrook Theatre in Cedar Grove, New Jersey, was a damn good show! The production, starring Robert Morse as Mr. Applegate, was clearly their best to date, and the familiar story was directed by Stuart Bishop with spark and devilishly good fun, and all the musical numbers were imaginatively staged for this theatre-in-the-round.

The acting was right up there also. Robert Morse was deliciously bad as Applegate. Ed Evanko has probably one of the most beautiful voices in the business, and sang and acted the part of Joe Hardy with style, while Margery Beddow turned in a handsome piece of acting vitality as Lola. Terry Saunders and Bob Gorman were also excellent.

FILMS

by Norma McLain Stoop

Papillon (produced by Robert Dorfmann and Franklin J. Schaffner, directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, Allied Artists) is an overwhelming film, as sure as the seventh wave that swept Papillon away from Devil's Island forever to sweep the viewer away from his own life to that of the convicts serving their unbearable sentences in the notorious penal colony in French Guiana.

There is a somber majesty about Schaffner's deliberate, unhurried direction, matched in effectiveness by Fred Koenekamp's photography, and a brilliantly understated quality about Dalton Trumbo and Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s screenplay based on Charriere's celebrated book, and a harrowing depth and perception in the acting of Steve McQueen (as Papillon, whose final triumphant cry of "I'm still here!" still rings in my heart) and Dustin Hoffman (as Louis Dega, a master counterfeiter who learns how to recognize the real thing).

A brutal and unvarnished film that successfully meshes four of the basic plots (man against society, man against man, man against himself, man against nature),

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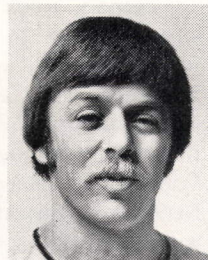
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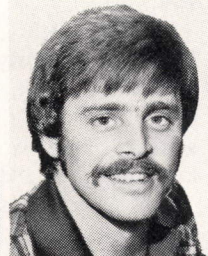
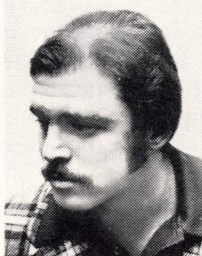
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Richie Scheinblum, California Angels



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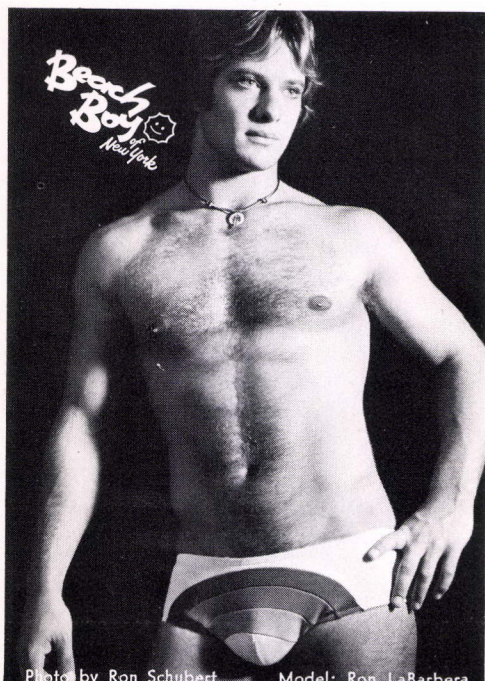


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Papillon is long—but so was the ordeal it depicts; it is shocking and merciless—but so was the life it chronicles; it is honest, and if it had been handled in any other way, it would not have been.

Papillon is the dark dream necessary to experience if we are to appreciate properly the comparatively blinding sunlight in which most of us live.

One of 1973's most winning films, *The Sting* (produced by Tony Bill, Michael and Julia Phillips, directed by George Roy Hill, Universal) is an exuberant, altogether engaging depiction of a power play in the 30's—the story of the dream of empire of one con man and the dream of revenge of another. Put together, it makes a dream of a movie.

Robert Redford, as Johnny Hooker, who sets out to avenge the killing of a friend, gives an endearing and expert performance, and, as his partner in crime, Henry Gondorff, Paul Newman is every inch the canny master-grifter in search of the Big Con. Robert Shaw, as their target, a violent New York gangster with a single-track mind, is powerful and convincing. Charles Durning, Ray Walston, Eileen Brennan, and Jack Kehoe must also be commended.

But *The Sting* is essentially the towering victory of a closely co-ordinated team effort. Direction, writing, photography, editing, art direction, set decoration, and costumes are woven into the perfectly conceived whole of this fine production—not to speak of Scott Joplin's piano rags which are the very essence of its ambience.

I loved *The Sting*. I think everybody will.

Iconoclastic in its treatment of love, *Cinderella Liberty* (produced and directed by Mark Rydell, 20th Century-Fox), from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, is a funky, compassionate, brutally honest tragicomedy of losers and how they win.

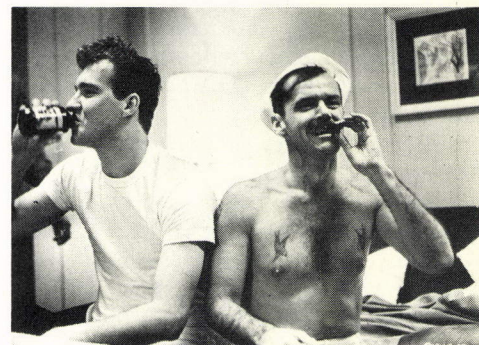
A talented and enormously appealing trio—James Caan (as a lusty sailor with a deep sense of responsibility and an interesting set of ethics), Marsha Mason (as his love, a tired, vulnerable bar girl better at shooting pool than at caring for her mulatto child), and Kirk Calloway (as her 11-year-old son with many cracks in his necessary hard shell)—are miraculously able to keep "ality" off of sentiment, thus making the story extremely moving.

Direction and photography are intelligent and refreshingly devoid of pretension, and the ending's overly easy solution to deeply difficult problems is the only false note in *Cinderella Liberty*, a highly interesting movie that otherwise rings so true.

One of the year's happiest film surprises, *The Last Detail* (produced by Gerald Ayres, directed by Hal Ashby, Columbia) is the rambunctious, off-beat, no-holds-barred,

often heartbreakingly tender story of three disparate men and their briefly close relationship.

Buddusky (Jack Nicholson), a brawling Signalman 1st Class, and Mulhall (Otis Young), a Gunner's Mate 1st Class, Navy men forever, draw the detail of taking a callow, unformed eighteen-year-old sailor (Randy Quaid) from Norfolk, Virginia, to Portsmouth, N.H., where he is to serve an unfair eight-year sentence for a forty-dollar theft.



Hardly the typical picture of prisoner and guard, Randy Quaid and Jack Nicholson enjoy a beer in the film "The Last Detail," a release from Columbia.

The friendship that develops en route—in Washington, New York, and Boston—the guards' efforts to make a man (their definition of a man) out of the hapless boy and the surprising but highly credible results of their attempts to play God, have a texture of truth seldom seen on the screen, which their constant rough language deeply enhances.

Besides the consistently superlative acting, Robert Towne's fine screenplay from Darryl Ponicsan's very original novel is responsible for the—well, quality of grace that permeates the film. Many sequences (a riotously funny hotel room beer-binge; the strange involvement with Nichiren Shoshu chanters and the party it leads to—olé for Luana Anders; the Faulknerian brothel sequence in which Carol Kane is wonderful, and the searingly perfect ending (in which Michael Moriarty shines) are unforgettable.

The Last Detail is totally fine down to the last detail of its production and is an outstanding American film which has all the earmarks of a future classic.

Magnum Force (produced by Robert Daley, directed by Ted Post, Warner Bros.) is not a cops-and-robbers film; as a cops-and-cops film, it is an exciting, explosive exercise in extermination and is notable for Frank Stanley's original and riveting use of the camera, the relentless pace of Ted Post's direction, and Ferris Webster's judicious editing.

Clint Eastwood, Hal Holbrook, David Soul, and Felton Perry really sink their teeth into their roles, but it is the ferocious action rather than the characterizations that dis-

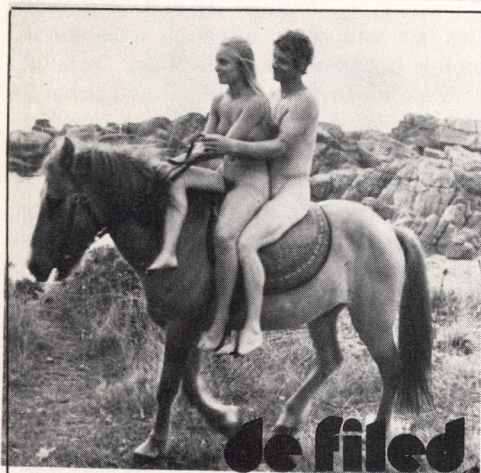
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tinguish this movie.

Rough, tough, and violent, *Magnum Force* is a chase-and-kill film with a vengeance—many vengeance, in fact!

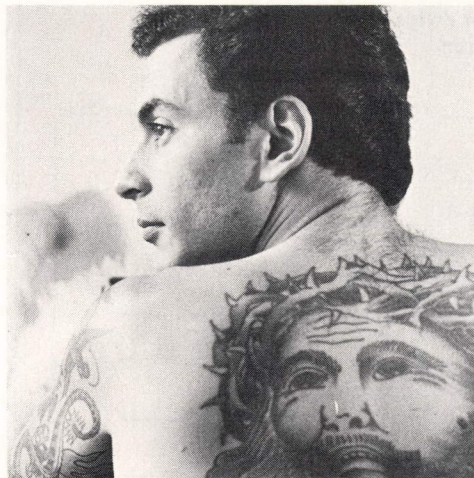
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The Day Of the Dolphin (produced by Robert E. Relyea, directed by Mike Nichols, Avco Embassy) has fine cinematography and music and a marvelous (very short) performance by Elizabeth Wilson. That's all. Never for a moment did I feel that the stars (the dolphins) were really talking. They probably refused to speak the lines they were given.

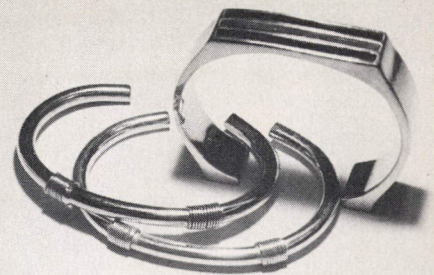
Despite Katharine Hepburn's, Kate Reid's, and Lee Remick's fine acting, **A Delicate Balance** (produced by Ely Landau, directed by Tony Richardson, American Film Theatre) fails to come off.

Paul Scofield's mannered efforts to be American and Joseph Cotten's and Betsy Blair's difficulties in realizing their parts, together with Richardson's tip-toe direction and Director of Photography David Watkins' irritating habit of putting all but the people he wants you to look at at any given moment, out of focus (or was that Richardson's idea?), added to the Albee play's stress on the rather dull problems of rather dull people, make *A Delicate Balance* disappointing. But one is given the privilege of watching the transcendently lovely Miss Hepburn doing all in her power to make the film work.

In a fluffy soufflé of frivolity, **Alfredo** (co-produced by RPA-Rizzoli Films-Francoriz Productions, directed by Pietro Germi, Paramount), Dustin Hoffman looks and acts Italian as all get out, playing the part of a trapped husband who becomes a trapped lover who becomes a trapped husband. The film, which begins in Italy's pre-divorce days and ends after divorce becomes legal there, boasts two very beauti-



Don Allen has more than just an angel 'round his shoulder in the film of eroticism and intrigue, "Not Just Another Woman." The tattoo of the suffering Christ introduces another bizarre element in the film which began a run at New York's Lincoln Arts Theatre on January 23.



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ful and talented leading ladies: Stefania Sandrelli and Carla Gravina.

Alfredo Alfredo lacks any real substance, but if you go for the type of light farce the French and Italians dote on, it will be your favorite holiday dish.

My "baker's dozen" of Best Films of 1973, in alphabetical order: *Bang the Drum Slowly*, *Cries and Whispers*, *Dillinger*, *Last Tango in Paris*, *O Lucky Man!*, *Papillon*, *Save the Tiger*, *Serpico*, *The Day of the Jackal*, *The Homecoming*, *The Last Detail*, *The New Land*, *The Way We Were*.

More FILMS

by Martin Mitchell

There was cause to be wary about the first U.S. release (finally, after a sixteen-year wait) of *A King in New York* (produced, written, and directed by Charles Chaplin, Classic Entertainment). There were, first, the circumstances under which it was made: Chaplin's annoyance and sadness at having to leave America; the making of this film in England, partly in response to his shabby treatment here; the rumors and expectation of bitterness in the film, and the long delay of its American premiere. Not to be overlooked, too, was the fact that the only picture he had made since, *The Countess from Hong Kong*, had been a total disaster.

Just a few minutes of *A King in New York* are enough to dispel all reservations, for this is one of Chaplin's finest. Certainly there are parallels to Chaplin's own career in the story of a deposed European monarch who seeks refuge in the States only to get caught up in such native foolishness as television commercials (he is prevailed upon to endorse a brand of whiskey) and Congressional witchhunts (he is subpoenaed as a witness). But this all becomes good comic material, and if a general attitude towards the U.S. emerges from the film, it is closer to fondness and wistfulness than to acrimony. Indeed, the Chaplin character, the refugee King Shadhov, is a no-nonsense fellow who is completely in command of the situation, however tenuous, and in no need of our sympathies. Gone is the Tramp's sentimentality, the price we had to pay for our laughter, and gone is the didacticism of his later films. In fact, he pokes fun at the latter tendency by having some stock Marxist dogma flow from the mouth of a small boy (played by his son, Michael), who nevertheless is later to move us deeply when he is forced to identify card-carrying friends of his parents.

The old slapstick gags have not been entirely renounced, but they are used here to fine effect. There's a marvelous bit of business whereby Chaplin gets his finger caught in the nozzle of a fire hose on his

way to testify before the Congressional committee. As he faces them with several hundred feet of hose emanating from his finger, his behavior is not so much contemptuous as appropriately ludicrous. More commonly, however, *A King in New York* amuses with Chaplin's extremely witty dialogue, which is on a par with the best of that in *Monsieur Verdoux*.

On the other hand, Woody Allen's new comedy, *Sleeper* (produced by Jack Grossberg, directed by Woody Allen, United Artists), is a disappointment. All those funny things that partisans of the film have been describing take place in the first half, when a maladjusted creature from the 1970's wakes up in 2173, having been preserved in aluminum foil, and has to readjust anew. As long as he projects from the world that he and we know, Allen has a firm basis for his nutty brand of satire: all records of someone named Richard Nixon have long since been expunged, and the number of Macdonald's hamburgers sold has reached a number with too many digits to count. But the story, written by Allen and Marshall Brickman, goes off on a tangent about an underground movement that plans to overthrow the government. The film loses its steam and, with it, the wild, surrealistic streak and the feeling of improvisation that give the best Woody Allen passages their spark and appeal. And after losing its freshness to plot digressions, *Sleeper* turns downright silly, with witless banter between Allen and Diane Keaton (who was much better in *Play It Again, Sam*) and a string of desperate gags that would be more appropriate to an old Jerry Lewis film. Perhaps the best thing to do is to wait till the picture appears on a double bill and see just the first half.

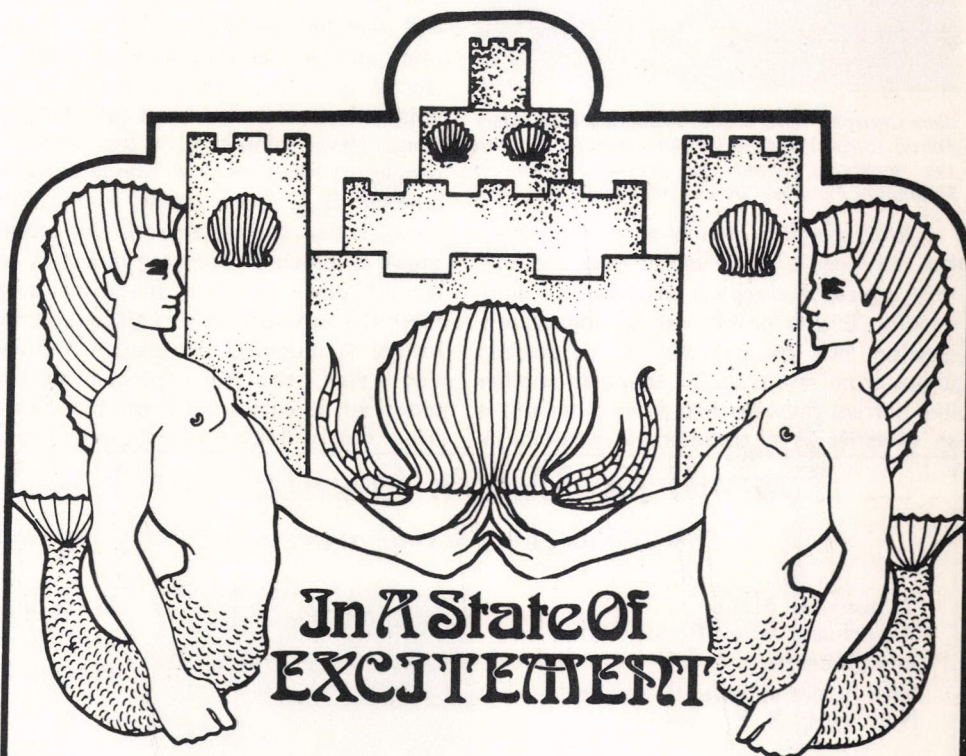
The French-Czechoslovak animated science-fiction feature *Fantastic Planet* (*La Planète Sauvage*, produced by S. Damiani and A. Valio-Cavaglione and directed by René Laloux) arrives here laden with honors, among them a Special Grand Prix at Cannes. It is obvious that an enormous amount of talent and imaginativeness went into the making of this film. After a slow start with more "historical" background than is really necessary, it gradually draws the viewer in with a story, adapted by Roland Topor from a Stefan Wul novel about the perilous existence on the planet Ygam of human beings called oms, who live at the mercy of forty-foot androids known as traags. At best, the oms are tolerated as pets of the traags; the nondomesticated ones are periodically hunted down and exterminated in "de-oming" campaigns. The fantastic planet of the title is not Ygam but a celestial neighbor that holds the key both to the oms' salvation and to the androids' existence and potential downfall.

Most of this is none the worse for its allegorical overtones, which can be overlooked except at the end, where a bit of peaceful-coexistence moralism is quite heavily larded on. What makes it all work as well as it does is the ingenious animation, done by the master craftsmen at the Prague studios of Juri Trinka. The outlandish creatures that keep popping up all over the landscape in *Fantastic Planet* are as inventively conceived as those in *Yellow Submarine*, and I would expect the many fans of that picture to enjoy this one too.

Don't Look Now (produced by Peter Katz, directed by Nicolas Roeg, Paramount),

which has vague origins in a short story by Daphne du Maurier, is a real chiller. It gets under your skin and plays with your nerve ends.

A young couple (Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie), hoping to forget the tragedy of their daughter's drowning, move from England to Venice, where he finds employment restoring a church. They have found a new life, but even strange people and places reinforce memories and play upon guilt over the child's death. For instance, one of two elderly English sisters they meet, blind and gifted with sixth sense, claims to see the dead girl, smiling next to her parents, at



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lunch in a restaurant. A mysterious figure wearing a red raincoat identical to the one in which the girl drowned is seen prowling around the waterways of the city.



Julie Christie's (left) chance encounter with Hilary Mason (center) and Clelia Matania hurls her into the terrifying world of psychic horror in Paramount Pictures' "Don't Look Now."

With stunning originality, director Roeg has fashioned a work whose flow and context represent a radical departure in filmmaking. Events unfold not by logical progression but by coincidence, by sudden jumps from one piece of action to another like current between two poles. That this is so effective is a considerable accomplish-

ment. But Roeg, a former cameraman who went on to co-direct *Performance* and direct *Walkabout*, has his ponderous side. Portents abound in *Don't Look Now*. Very little happens without the plunking down of an ominous note, the flashing of a signpost to let us know that something terrible is about to occur. There are, in short, too many of the moviemaker's equivalents of italics and exclamation points. And the much talked about (and cut) love scene, intercut with postcoital tidying up in preparation for an evening out, was trite and cumbersome.

More than one expects even in the most exploitative of the black films, the hero—and Fred Williamson certainly plays him as such—of *Hell Up in Harlem* (produced, written and directed by Larry Cohen, American International) has the moral principles of a worm. At one point he expresses great indignation when accused of dealing in drugs. Never mind that he has been killing people off like flies in his vendetta against a crooked D.A. Every white in the film is racist, rotten, and disposable. One sequence shows a bunch of lounging mobsters being gunned down by their black maids, who force the survivors to eat chitlins and watermelon. A muddled movie's call for revolution? Well, the name of the man who produced, directed, and wrote this unsavory tripe, hardly that of a black, gives pause. A

psychologist could diagnose something broader than self-disgust that he might call a genosucide wish. More likely is that some people will turn out anything for a buck. But does Fred Williamson need this sort of thing? Unfortunately, there are few sanctions against this kind of vicious *machismo* and his image, such as it is, will no doubt emerge untarnished.

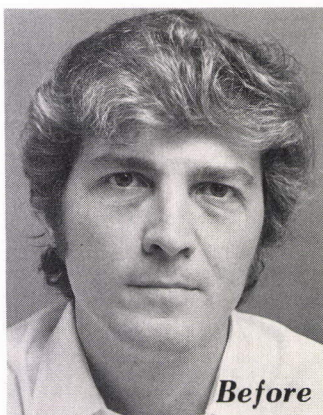
Quite a different kind of black film is *Willie Dynamite* (produced by Richard D. Zanuck and David Brown, directed by Gilbert Moses, Universal), in which even the seediest characters are imbued with a humanity that wins our understanding and a subculture where violence is a constant threat is depicted with exemplary restraint. The movie is about the rise and fall of a pimp, whose career soars with his big-business approach to the acquisition of "bitches" and territory and then plummets, chipped away by harassment from the police and his competitors and finally destroyed by the relentless efforts of a prostitute turned social worker.

Ron Cutler's fine screenplay, from a story by him and Joe Keyes, Jr., has a nice feel for the surface opulence and inner sleaziness of the hustler's world without wallowing in either and, more than that, it neglects no one it introduces: there are no weak characterizations. Some of what takes

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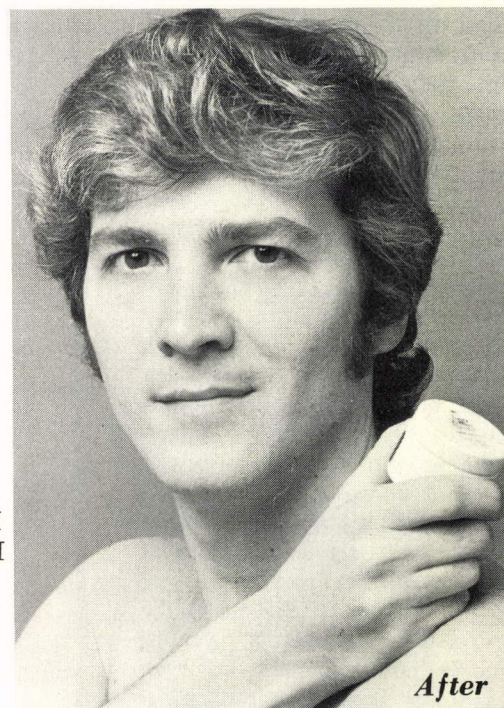
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place towards the end of the film is hard to swallow because it violates the natures of these strongly delineated portraits; yet we are willing to swallow it nonetheless because we have been made to care what happens to these people, even at the expense of credibility.

And what an asset the performances are in this respect. As Willie, Roscoe Orman, in his first film role, turns in a magnificent performance, particularly in defeat, when just a hint of his former cool arrogance shows through on his battered, humiliated features. And as the social worker whose persistence brings Willie down, the late Diana Sands is uncannily vibrant. The supporting cast is uniformly good, and much of the credit belongs to director Moses, who brings from his theater background a penchant for drama that avoids the stagy.

Because it handles its subject with sensitivity and with an array of talent, Willie Dynamite is a poignant, engrossing film that stands in marked contrast to the many black exploitation movies that have been churned out lately.

Of the 1973 releases I was able to see, the ten best were *The Adversary*, *Days and Nights in the Forest*, *Day for Night*, *Happy New Year*, *Money, Money, Money*, *Playtime*, *A King in New York*, *Le Sex Shop*, *American Graffiti*, and *The Spider's Strategem*.

RECORDS Classical

by John David Richardson

Anyone familiar with the pleasures of the Mozart concertos for wind instruments will be pleased to know that several of these works have been recorded by Neville Marriner and the orchestra of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields in the company of several excellent soloists. There is a pairing of the Flute Concerto, K.313, and Oboe Concerto, K.314, with fine work by flutist Claude Monteux (yes, his father's son) and oboist Neil Black (Philips 6500-379). The second disc features the Clarinet Concerto, K.622, the Bassoon Concerto, K.191, and the Andante for Flute, K.315, with clarinetist Jack Brymer and bassoonist Michael Chapman, with Monteux again on the flute, and virtuosos all (Philips 6500-378). Most impressive are the wonderful balances that Mr. Marriner maintains as soloists and orchestra bow, complement, and subside in pursuit of the musical course.

The same group's approach to the Mozart Concerto for Flute, Harp, and Orchestra, K.299, is less successful due primarily to the rather unaggressive and, at times, indistinct presence of the harp. However, the utterly charming Sinfonia concertante in

E-flat, K. 297b, that completes the recording is quite fine (Philips 6500-380). The technical quality of all of these recordings is up to Philips' peerless standards.

Although the recording industry is still in its infancy when one considers the grand scale of things, it has uniquely given ears to history, a fact that is sometimes difficult for us to understand at this point in time (as *they* say) because, as listeners, we are still caught up in the newness. Yet, when one considers the vastly important project so well carried through by RCA in presenting a five-volume series of three-disc albums, *The Complete Rachmaninoff, His Recorded Performances*, it is easy to realize the importance of the preservation of sound. Rachmaninoff was not only a great composer, but also a great concert pianist-conductor who was accomplished with the music of his fellow composers as he was (and *is*) the definitive interpreter of his own. And this is not always the case with composer-performers.

As might be expected, these albums contain a generous selection of Rachmaninoff's own compositions, most of them shorter pieces for piano solo (a few of them recurring). There is also a wide selection of works ranging from D. Scarlatti to Debussy as well as the composer conducting his own *Isle of the Dead*, *Vocalise*, and *Symphony*

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No. 3. He joins with Fritz Kreisler in sonatas for piano and violin by Beethoven, Schubert, and Greig, and Rachmaninoff plays with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stowkowski and Ormandy for the four piano concertos and the *Variations on a Theme of Paganini*.

The first volume contains the acoustical recordings (ARM-0260), many originally recorded for the Edison label. The second through fifth volumes (ARM-0261, 0291, 0295, and 0296) were electrically recorded and all the records are, of course, monaural.

There is such a richness in these albums that it is easy to forgive RCA for repeating fivefold the accompanying booklet (which presents excellent essays and photographs as well as a memoir, a chronology of Rachmaninoff's life, and a detailed discography).

Number one



in the sun

Pop

by Chris Huizenga

Hold on to your hats, shirts, etc. Yes, it's Burt Reynolds singing! This solid LP on Mercury (SRM-1-693) is entitled, *Ask Me What I Am*, and it tells you. Folksy, friendly, and funny, Reynolds' style is surprisingly good, and one of the cuts, "Slow John Fairburn," is a touching ballad based on a country tale of an oldtimer who outwits a motorcycle gang.

Like music that's easy to dance to? That moves you easy and is easy to take? Try Rick Derringer's newest, *All American Boy* (Blue Sky Records KZ 32481), which is an ironically apt title for this album. The songs, done in a very 60's style, deal with girls, booze, and cars, and give the album the feel of a simpler, guttier time. It's worth a love affair.

Country-rock is sweeping the nation—and it's not just the desire to get into a nature-versus-city thing, but good clean country music *rocked*. One song that epitomizes this whole feeling is "Your Rise" from Stu Nunnery's first album, *Stu Nunnery*, on Evolution Records (3023). For a first try, this album (with all lyrics and music by Nunnery) strikes a strong chord and is well worth the listening.

Blossom Dearie has been wowing them at that chic nightclub, The Sign of the Dove, and now one can have the extraordinary pleasure of hearing Blossom Dearie in their own living room. Daffodil Records has issued a splendid collection of songs, *Blossom Dearie Sings* (BMD 101 A&B). Her clear, child-like voice is perfectly suited to the wry, subtle lyrics. Discover for yourself why Miss Dearie is still the dear of the nightclub circuit.

Short Cuts: Virgil Fox was recently at Carnegie Hall, backed by the amazing light show, *Revelation Lights*, by David Snyder. If you missed the show, catch some of it on

the new Angel recording, *Virgil Fox* (S-36984)—always foxy. There's another P.D.Q. Bach out; this one is *The Intimate P.D.Q. Bach*, and funnier than ever. It's on Vanguard (79335). Into the Sax? Impulse has issued an incredible three-record set *The Saxophone* (ASH-9253-3) that traces the trends in the development of the saxophone. Brushing up on your jazz? Who isn't? Blue Note has three new double-LP sets out, each covering a complete decade, *A Decade of Jazz*, from '39 to '69. A complete history at your fingertips. More Bach—this time it's Walter Carlos' *Switched On Bach II*, a synthesizer sequel to the Volume I best seller.

Previews: Everyone loves Asha Puthli and they'll love her even more when her first album is released. We've heard her live several times, but the press recording of her as yet untitled LP for Columbia is simply breathtaking. Can't wait to see and hear the finished product.

Kim Milford, currently in the off-Broadway play, *More Than You Deserve*, recently played tapes for us of his yet unsigned album. The songs are blues-rock, the voice subtle-strong, as the occasion demands. This will be one definitely worth waiting for.



Sony Corporation of America has introduced a new receiver, Model SQR-6650, which is a total approach to 4-channel and stereo reproduction. It has many new and improved facilities for the discrete 4-channel sources available today—four-channel records, cartridges, and tapes—and is worthy of every music lover's attention.

Rock

by Henry Edwards

Electric Light Orchestra: On the Third Day (United Artists UA-LA188-F): These six gentlemen and their leader, composer-guitarist-vocalist Jeff Lynne, create a compelling sound that relies on both the clever manipulation of the Moog and the textured richness that only the liberal use of strings can provide. ELO can rock as pulsatingly as any other rock band—and they do on "Ma-Ma Ma Belle"—but this group's sophisticated instrumentals are usually more interesting than their uncomplicated songs.

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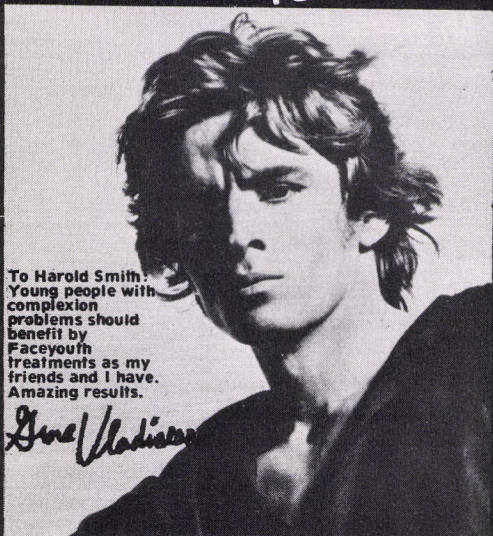
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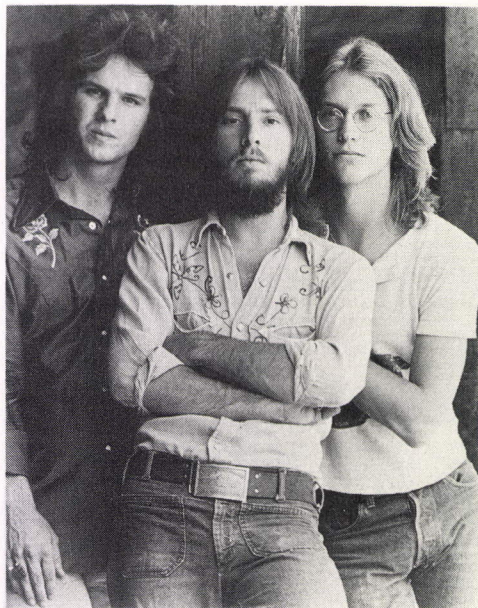
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Lamont Dozier: Out Here on My Own (ABC ABCX-804): Lamont Dozier is one-third of the Dozier-Holland-Dozier trio whose functions as producer-songwriters not only helped launch the Supremes, but also established Motown Records as one of America's most formidable recording labels.

When Dozier-Holland-Dozier left Motown to form Invictus Records, Lamont helped create the phenomenon called Freda Payne. Now, the composer is on his own and on the ABC label. Determined to now be known as a vocalist, Dozier's debut solo album finds him singing songs authored not by himself, but by his producer, McKinley Jackson. Needless to say, all aspects of this album display expertise and total professionalism. While Lamont has not yet discovered a totally individual approach, *Out Here on My Own* demonstrates that, once these experimental stages are over, Dozier undoubtedly will be able to deliver a fiery set of vocals.



Dan Peek, Dewey Bunnell and Gerry Beckley are America, the famous rock group whose new album, "Hat Trick," on Warner Bros. label (BS 2728) is climbing the charts rapidly.

Graham Nash: Wild Tales (Atlantic SD 7288): When Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young officially dissolved their musical collaboration, Graham Nash went on to write more interesting songs than any member of the quartet. *Wild Tales*, however, is a mixed bag. "Prison Song," which deals with a dope bust and "Oh! Camil (The Winter Soldier)," an anti-war tune, are just too simplistic even though they possess the properly reverent folksy quality. Musically the entire disc consists of simple melodies expressed in an

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uncomplicated way which only adds to the album's repetitiveness. Along the way though, Nash does strike the proper haunting note—either in a pungent lyric or a vivid musical phrase and *Wild Tales* suddenly does seem the work of one of America's most beloved superstars.

Billy Joel: *Piano Man* (Columbia KC 32544): The Billy Joel cult has reason to be proud. Joel's second LP is a richly melodic experience sparked by insight-filled lyrics and thorough attention to all the musical crafts. This composer-performer has enough singing and songwriting versatility to become a major star. Now, it's up to the public to catch up to him.

Donna Fargo: *All About a Feeling* (Dot DOS 26019): Donna won last year's Grammy Award in the country-and-western female vocalist category. A California schoolteacher who wrote and recorded a tune and suddenly became one of the country-and-western field's most sensational superstars, Donna can alternately wail and rock with the best of them. *All About a Feeling* is all about the fetching Miss Fargo's ripe talents which have been given a lavish treatment on this new LP.

Ian Lloyd & Stories: *Travelling Underground* (Kama Sutra KSBS 2078): This attempt to duplicate the heavy sound of English bands like Emerson, Lake, and Palmer just doesn't work. Stories should stick to bubblegum-rock.

BOOK BITS

Brooks Atkinson and Albert Hirschfeld have paratactically combined the special genius of concise criticism with the pithy art of line drawings in a collaboration called *The Lively Years 1920-1973, a Half-Century of the Most Significant Plays on Broadway* (Association Press, hardcover \$12.50), which is an extremely interesting and valuable contribution to extant literature on American theater. Atkinson, because of the relentless sensibility of his criticism, is consistently the best journalistic commentator on matters theatrical New Yorkers have ever had; Hirschfeld's drawings ("hunt for the *Nina*"), capable of capturing elusive performance qualities in a few bold strokes, make handsome additions to Atkinson's narrative. Over 80 plays are described and commented on by Atkinson, and the end result is a panorama of some of the best—and certainly some of the liveliest—that American theater has had to offer during the past half-century.

Richard Philp

All you ever needed to know (but were afraid to ask) about breaking into the acting business is found in Robert Cohen's *Acting Professionally* (National Press Books, paper-



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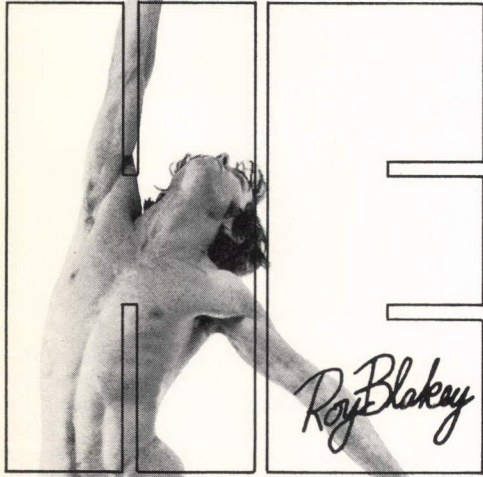
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back \$1.95). Actor-producer-director Richard Quine declares, in the foreword, that he wishes he had had this book as a fledgling actor; Quine calls it "a comprehensive guide for the bedeviled. . ."

Cohen describes the economy of the acting profession, and makes a brutally frank assessment of an aspiring actor's chances of a career. He offers a wealth of information (of the kind that one never learns in drama school) to prepare the actor for the business of acting professionally. How to make a résumé, find and choose an agent, behave at interviews and auditions, and even where to live in Los Angeles and New York, are some of the useful information.

Although the book is aimed at the actor in professional theater, it has particular information also for the actor in educational theater.

Olga Maynard



The above photograph is one of the many beautiful entries in "Pose," the new, handsomely bound collection of photographs available from *After Dark*, 10 Columbus Circle, New York, N.Y. 10019. (\$13.95 per copy, handling and postage included.) (Photo by David Vance)

An absorbing photographic history (of a sort)—I find myself drawn back to its pages endlessly, reading the pictured faces for clues to their eras—is Arnold L. Weissberger's *Famous Faces* (Harry N. Abrams, Inc., hardcover \$35). This is a tremendous book, both in size and scope, with fond, witty reminiscences in the text.

Sybil, by Flora Rheta Schreiber (Regnery, hardcover \$8.95) is the fascinating, altogether true story of an unfortunate woman whose frail body houses sixteen distinct personalities. Miss Schreiber is a well-known writer on the subject of psychiatry, and she has managed to keep the story absorbing and the psychiatric implications

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clear at the same time. It is interesting to
note that it is Sybil's mother and father,
deeply limned, who emerge as flesh-and-
blood people more than the heroine herself.
No wonder, since she is fourteen heroines
(and two heroes) in one, and to describe
each in as much detail as were the mother
and father would have taken volumes! Well
worth reading.

Movie buffs! for sheer fun, get *50 Years
of Movie Posters* (Bounty Books, a division
of Crown Publishers, spiral bound \$9.95).
Compiled and edited by John Kobal, it goes
from *How Bella Was Won* (1911) to *Dr.
Strangelove* (1964). The book's last poster is
a love—Marilyn in *The Seven Year Itch*
(1955), but all of the book is packed with
interest.

Norma McLain Stoop

LETTERS

Praise for Prideaux

Your color cover was excellent both in
composition and subject matter. Also, the
article by James Prideaux, "Truth, Beauty
and the Supreme Court," was by far the best
article I have ever read in my life in any
magazine. Simply superb. The article itself
was sheer beauty and truth.

Perhaps *After Dark* should be the leader
in reforming the censorship laws (i.e. *Play-
boy Magazine* and its marijuana reforms). I
am sure it would gather enormous support as
many people would like to see all our
obscenity rulings changed drastically.

Congratulations, again, on an incredible
issue.

Stephan Blendauti
Buffalo, New York

James Prideaux' article, "Truth, Beauty, and
the Supreme Court," is one of the best
pieces of writing I've seen in your magazine
—and one of the most timely. Mr. Prideaux
is fighting mad—and that's the way we all
should feel—for there is a widespread deter-
mination in our country, inspired and en-
couraged by our own President and his
Supreme Court, that no matter what the
Constitution says, we will not have freedom
of speech in the United States.

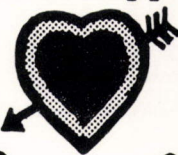
It is true, as Mr. Prideaux says, that
Nixon's appointees to the Supreme Court
are not intelligent men, and that we can no
longer look to the Court for wisdom and
justice. The "uneducated, the stupid, the
mean and narrow" will sit (indeed, already
sit) in judgment on the arts.

Perhaps this experience will teach us the
importance of electing a President who will
use the power of his office to protect our
Constitutional freedoms rather than to tear
them down.

Charles Segers
Arlington, Va.

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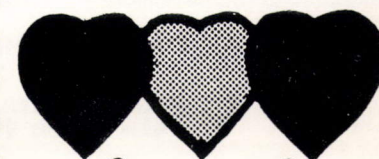
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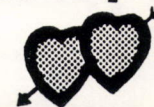
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On the Air

One of the things that people expect from the "guy on the radio" is that he be versed on everything that happens in the entertainment business. People call the station with all sorts of questions and expect to get information. For years now *After Dark* has been one of the key sources I have used to keep up with what's going on.

Bob Paiva

Richmond, Virginia

Lucid Loney

Mr. Loney's knowledge of The American Place Theater (November, '73) and its plays covers our 10-year life span. He knows what we're all about and it was nice to see his well-written piece—much appreciated by all of us.

Wynn Handman

American Place Theater

New York, New York

Cribbed Copies

As a screenwriter I realize that for those of us involved in the sphere of entertainment *After Dark* has become compulsory as well as compulsive reading if we are to keep abreast with what is happening in the States in all media. I recently spent a long weekend in France with Françoise Sagan—I've adapted a play of hers and she's a close chum—and she adored *After Dark* and confiscated my copy to show to other friends. I must also say that *After Dark* has a way of mysteriously disappearing from my magazine rack, only to be discovered in the homes of unscrupulous friends. I have taken to marking each copy with "Stolen from Scot Finch."

Scot Finch

London, England

Cover Comments

This must surely be a red, blue, yellow letter today for *After Dark*. Congratulations on your first color cover!

Charles Ziff

Brooklyn Academy of Music

I've been reading your fantastic magazines for two years now, but of all the beautiful people on earth, do you have to put Robert Redford on the cover, especially in color? I personally don't think he deserves it.

Jeffrey Long

Chicago, Ill.

Black? Boo!

Please advise if the Jan. 1974 "Black Magic" issue was necessary. Having subscribed to your magazine since May, 1970, I find my identity lost in your current issue. If more of these are forthcoming, kindly cancel my subscription. The previous issues have been worth reading.

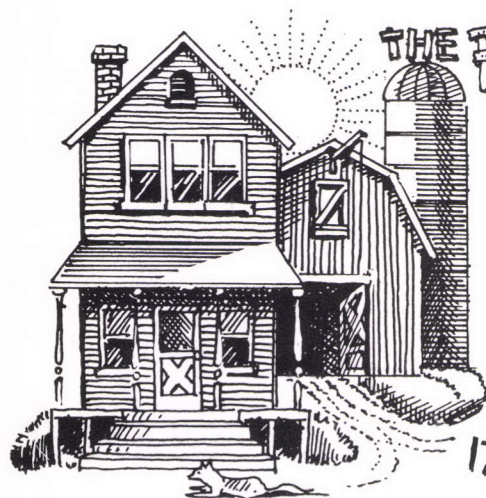
Ross S. Waldsachs

Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 74 issue very *disappointing*. When shall we expect special issue: "White Magic"?

Wylie V. Denning

Westport, Conn.



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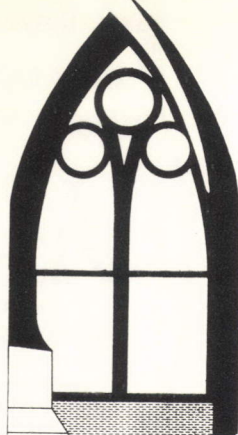
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Black? Bravo!

After Dark has done it again! The "black" issue was done with flair, style, and immense beauty, and gave my favorite magazine an added dimension of awareness in the arts. Furthermore, it provided the element I have come to expect of *After Dark*—surprise. And beautiful ones at that! Thanks for that courageous and boldly imaginative issue.

James McCormick
New York, N.Y.

Being both black and an avid reader of *After Dark*, I was extremely pleased with your January issue that featured black contributors to the arts. I sincerely hope that every effort will be made to more fully integrate your magazine in the months ahead.

C. Brown
Bronx, N.Y.

TRAVEL LINES

by Louis Miele

If you're jetting off to Paris, you should have Air France's new free guide, "Inexpensive Paris Restaurants Near Famous Monuments," tucked in your bag. This handy fold-out guide lists 64 restaurants in the twelve most frequented areas of the city. The listings include prices for meals and house specialties as well as a map of Paris and a glossary of useful words and phrases.

For a free copy of this guide, write Air France, Box 747, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Heading north to Sweden? A good suggestion is to combine a shopping trip with a tour through Sweden's world-famous glass district in the province of Smaland, a pleasant day's drive south of Stockholm.

The heart of the area is at Vaxjo, a 14th-century city a short distance from more than 30 well-known glassworks. The area is one of vast forests, calm lakes, and small farm cottages. The glassworks are scattered throughout the woods—which makes a shopping excursion a scenic treat as well.

At the glassworks you're welcome to watch the entire fascinating process of glass-making from the design stage to the finished article.

The factories also have shops where you can pick up some excellent bargains.

When traveling through this area, comfortable accommodations are available in small hotels, pensions, and farm vacation homes.

For further information about Sweden's provinces, contact the Scandinavian National Tourist Office at 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, or 366 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90010.

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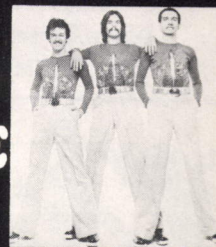
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fornia. This cozy hotel contains 15 rooms (some with queen- and king-sized beds), a heated swimming pool and bathrooms with sunken Roman tubs are some enticing features. Located just 3 blocks from town, the Desert Paradise Hotel is proving popular with visitors to that area. For rates and further details write them at 772 Prescott Drive, Palm Springs, California 92262 or telephone (714) 325-0229.

DINING OUT WITH AFTER DARK

Nothing succeeds like success, and Les Pyrenees Restaurant at 251 West 51st St. is the classic example. Longevity is one of the best ways to gauge a restaurant's quality and, since French cuisine is one of this city's favorites, one must be quite good to last, and Les Pyrenees is deservedly successful. The atmosphere is quaint and comfortable and the food served is French provincial.

There is a prix fixe, pre-theater dinner from 5 to 8 PM for \$8.00, including appetizer, soup, a good selection of entrées (such as *Coquille St. Jacques*, *boeuf Bourguignon*), desserts and beverage. An extensive a la carte menu is also available. Host Jean Claude runs the establishment beautifully, and a visit to this charming theater district restaurant is highly recommended for either lunch or dinner. Les Pyrenees is closed on Sundays.

For New York Eastsiders there is the ever present, informal singles-style eating spot and Muggs, located at 1134 First Avenue, is a pleasant place for a tasty burger, or some good fried chicken and a friendly brew after a hard day's work.

The reasonably priced menu is within the budget of any stewardess and the piano music keeps the patrons happy (while noshing and yakking away). Muggs also serves luncheon.

Not too far away is the newly opened Remy's, at 988 Second Avenue. The well-prepared entrées served here are basically northern Italian dishes, but a variety of steaks, seafood, and veal selections are also included.

Remy's has a split personality—Italian food, a pub look, and an Irish name! Dinner entrées run from \$3.25 to \$8.95 and luncheon \$2.25 to \$6.75—open seven days a week.

Santorini Sea House at 164 West 48th Street, is another new restaurant on the New York scene.

Spacious and handsome, it has a menu offering a fantastic selection of seafood entrées, with dishes seasoned in Mediterranean style. One of the highlight platters is

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the jumbo Mexican shrimp baked in a casserole with Greek feta cheese and tomato sauce. The lobster bisque also rang the bell.

Restaurants located in the theater district depend so heavily on the theater-goer that a major factor in the flourishing of a new restaurant such as Santorini depends on how many hit shows are in the neighborhood. But, hits or not, Santorini deserves an audience.

Way, way downtown at 215 Pearl Street is La Borsa Di Roma which is undoubtedly one of the favorite hangouts for the Wall Street set.

Superb Italian cuisine is in abundance. The entrées are hefty as well as heavenly. Although it is difficult to single out any one in particular, the linguine with white clam sauce and the veal piccata are sure crowd-pleasers.

Open for lunch and dinner until 9:00 PM, this establishment is lively, noisy and bustling with contented customers.

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S Supper	CB Carte Blanche
C Cocktails	DC Diners Club
	MC Master Charge



In Florida enjoying the festivities and cocktails poolside at the Poop Deck Restaurant at the Marlin Beach Hotel, Ft. Lauderdale, are After Dark's Louis Miele, Publisher Jean Gordon, host and manager John Castelli, Editor William Como, and Poop Deck cocktail waitress decked out in fur stole. (Photo by Richard Laughinghouse, Miami)

NEW YORK CITY East Side

BEAU GESTE: 239 Third Ave., 475-9724. Very interesting. Cozy bar upstairs, with intimately lit "cave-like" dining room downstairs. Good continental food at moderate prices, served from noon to 12:30 am. Open seven days a week, AE, DC, MC.

BENIHANA OF TOKYO: 120 E. 56 St., 593-1627. Offshoot of New York's most successful Japanese Steak House, L 12-12:30, a la carte entrees \$3-4.50. D 5:30-11, Mon-Thur \$5.50-\$10. Fri & Sat, 5:30-12, Sun 4:30-11 pm. Bar & lounge, AE, CB, DC, MC.

CAFE EUROPA: 347 E. 54th St., 755-0160. Norman French decor for delightful dining. Varied international cuisine from gazpacho to beef Wellington. L Mon-Fri 12-3, a la carte entrees \$2.50-\$3.95. D 5-11:30, \$6-\$9 complete. Special a la carte brioche menu at D, \$3-\$3.75. Closed Sun. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

COMPANY RESTAURANT: 365 Third Ave. (at 27th St.) MU 3-9033. Great new spot for dining and drinking. Casual, friendly atmosphere with popular and lively bar. Varied Continental-American menu. The French Market onion soup and huge Company burgers are favorites. Moderate prices. A fun place to spend the whole evening. Cocktails 4-7:00 P.M. daily. Dinner 6-midnight, Fri. & Sat. till 1:00 A.M. "Midnight Brunch Fri. & Sat. till 3:00 A.M." AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

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THE FARMHOUSE RESTAURANT: 175 Second Ave. (at 11th St.), 677-8807. Southern soul food menu. L 1-5 p.m., D 5 p.m.-2 a.m. Open seven days.

HAVANA EAST: 1352 First Ave. (73rd St.) 879-3553. A wide selection of Cuban and Spanish specialties with an atmosphere unique on the East Side. Piano music nightly. L 12-5 and D 5-2am, a la carte entrees \$2.25-\$6.25. AE, CB, DC.

JOHNATHAN'S RESTAURANT: 547 Second Ave., 648-8257. Casual restaurant serving continental cuisine. Open seven days for dinner. New entertainment schedule. AE, DC, MC, CB.

RONNIE'S SUPPER CLUB: 324 E. 49 St. PL 2-9492. Casual, intimate atmosphere. Entertainment nightly from 9:30. Continental cuisine a la carte. Dinner from \$5.50. Supper from \$3.00. Reservations suggested. Bar opens 5 p.m., D 7-1, S 11-1. Closed Mondays.

SAL ANTHONY'S: 55 Irving Pl. 982-9030. Nice neighborhood Italian restaurant featuring Mussels Sal Anthony, veal dishes. L Mon-Fri. 11:30-3, a la carte entrees from \$2.75 to \$4.25; D 5-12, Fri. & Sat. to 1 a.m., Sun. 3-12, from \$3 to \$7.50. AE, DC, MC.

SINGLES: 951 First Ave., (between 52nd & 53rd), 486-9731/355-8817. Small, intimate and warm atmosphere offering fine continental menu. Dine to candlelight and free entertainment. Cocktail lounge open 10 a.m., D 6-1 a.m., L 12-3:30 p.m., "Happy Hours" 4-8 p.m.

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West Side

ABBEY: 237 W. 105 St. (B'way). 850-1630. Casual pub-type atmosphere. Dinner 5 p.m. to midnight, seven days. Midnight snacks Fri., Sat. 12 to 2 a.m. Sunday brunch noon to 4 p.m. No credit cards.

BENIHANA PALACE: 15 W. 44th St., 682-7120. Newest and most luxurious branch of N.Y.'s original Japanese Steak House. L 11:30-2:30, a la carte entrees \$3-\$4.50. D Mon-Thur 5:30-11, Fri & Sat 'til 12, \$5.50-\$7.75 plus \$10 special Entertainment 7-2 a.m. Bar & cocktail lounge. Parties. Closed Sunday, AE, CB, DC, MC.

BENIHANA OF TOKYO: 47 W. 56 St., 581-0930. New York's original and best Japanese steak house. Open 7 days, L 12-12:30, a la carte \$3-\$4.50. D 5:30-11, Fri & Sat 'til 12, \$5.50-\$10 & a la carte. Bar. AE, CB, DC, MC. (Note new location).

BROTHERS & SISTERS: 355 W. 46 St., 765-7848. Dinner 5-11:00 p.m. Steaks and continental menu, after-theatre snacks. From \$1.50 to \$7.00 a la carte. Entertainment nightly.

DAZZELS: 180 Columbus Ave. (at 68th St.), 595-5410. American-Continental menu. L 12-3 p.m., a la carte from \$2 to \$3.50, daily specials \$3. D 5 p.m. to 1 a.m., a la carte from \$3 to \$5, daily specials \$4 Sat. & Sun. Brunch noon to 4:00 p.m., \$2.95 (including cocktail.) Open seven days.

GINGKO TREE: 199 Amsterdam Ave. (68 St.) 799-5457. Offers a fantastic selection of Chinese gourmet delights, all beautifully prepared. A very fine restaurant, convenient to Lincoln Center. Open daily for L, D, & S until midnight, Fri 1 a.m.; Sat 2 a.m.; Sun 11 p.m. Free parking.

JUSTINS RESTAURANT: 44 W. 58 St., 751-8897. Mediterranean decor serving American continental cuisine. L 11:30-4 Mon. thru Fri., D 4-12 Mon. thru Sat. Bobby Kole at piano in cocktail lounge. AE, DC, CB, MC.

LOS DOS HERMANOS: 355 Amsterdam Ave., 799-1110. Well known for "Paella." Cuban cuisine is featured. Sangria is the specialty of the house. On weekends, roast pork with moros served. A la carte from \$3.75, open from 2:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m.

MONK'S INN: 35 W. 64 St., 874-2710. Very charming monastic mooded restaurant across from Lincoln Center with the habit of featuring great peasant-European dishes and a groaning board of pungent cheeses. L from 11 a.m., a la carte entrees \$2.25-\$5. D 5-1 a.m. Sun 5-10 p.m., a la carte entrees \$2.75-\$5.50. Wine & beers only. AE, CB, DC, MC.

PELICAN RESTAURANT: 200 W. 70 St., 595-8067. Fish restaurant with a few meat dishes. New England menu. Reasonably priced. D a la carte from \$2 to \$7. Bar open till 4 a.m. D 5:30-1 a.m. Sunday Brunch 1-4:30 p.m. Open seven days. No credit cards yet.

VICTOR'S CAFE: 240 Columbia Ave., TR 7-7988. Well-known Spanish & Cuban restaurant serving good food at this newly enlarged dining spot. L 11-4, D 5-2 a.m. Serving beer and wine only. AE.

Greenwich Village

BEATRICE INN: 285 W. 12th St., YU 9-9351. A popular Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village since 1927. Friendly and pleasant with home-style food. L Mon-Fri 11:30-2:30, \$2.50-\$3.50. D Mon-Sat 5-10, \$3.75-\$6.90 table d'hôte. A la carte entrees \$2.50-\$6.90. Closed Sun.

CASEY'S: 142 W. 10th St., 989-8925. Continental cuisine. Lovely atmosphere with clientele of well-known personalities. D a la carte from \$5.00. L a la carte from \$2.50. Sun Brunch a la carte from \$2.00. Open 7 days. L 12-3:00 p.m. D 6:30-midnight. Reservations recommended. AE, DC.

CHARLIE & KELLY'S: 259 W. 4 St. (corner of Perry.) 675-5059. International menu, a la carte from \$4.75 to \$8.50. D 6-midnight, except Sun. 5-11 p.m. Open seven days. Reservations recommended.

HORN OF PLENTY: 91 Charles St. at Bleecker, 242-0636. Continental and soul menu. Cocktail lounge opens 4:30 til 2 a.m., no minimum. D 5:30 p.m.-1 a.m. A la carte from \$4.50-\$8.50. Dessert Room—the "Mouse Trap Lounge"—with a \$2.50 minimum. Open seven days. AE, MC, CB, BA.

LA CORUNA: 249 W. 14 St., 691-0877. An intimate Spanish restaurant serving food from the northern part of Spain. Strolling musicians on weekends. L 11-3:00 p.m. \$2.00 complete dinner. D 4-1:00 a.m. \$4.50 complete dinner Closed Tues. All credit cards.

LA CHAUMIERE: 310 W. 4th St., 741-3374. A charming, small restaurant resembling a French country inn with lovely fresh flowers. Unusual French dishes with beautiful presentation. D 6:30-1 a.m. A la carte entrees \$3.80-\$6.60. Closed Mon. No credit cards.

RENO SWEENEY: 126 W. 13 St., CH 2-1366/8. A swellegant restaurant with a smart supper club attached, the potted palm "Paradise Room." Continental-American dining a la carte from \$5.50, til 1:00 a.m. Music by Lewis Friedman. Bar and lounge open 5:00 p.m. til 4:00 a.m. Open seven days. AE, MC, CB, DC.

SAZERAC HOUSE: 533 Hudson St., 989-0313. Village restaurant serving American menu with Creole specialties. Atmospheric. L 12-3, D 6-12, Fri. & Sat. til 1 a.m., Sun. 5-12. A la carte entrees from \$3-\$6.50. Bar. Parties to 20.

SEVILLA: 62 Charles St., 929-3189. Casual Spanish restaurant, serving well prepared food. L 12-3, a la carte entrees \$1.75-\$2.95. D 5-12, Fri & Sat to 1 a.m., Sun 12-12, a la carte entrees \$2.75-\$6.00. Bar & Lounge. Parties to 40. AE, BA, DC.

VILLAGE GREEN: 531 Hudson St. (off Charles). 255-1650. Charming European-village duplex serving dinner from 6 p.m. till midnight. Open seven days a week. No credit cards.

CONNECTICUT

THE HOMESTEAD INN: 420 Field Point Rd., Greenwich, Conn. (203) 869-7500. A charming well-known inn dating from 1799, which serves fine American fare. L Mon-Fri. 12-2, with special \$3.95 buffet. D Mon-Fri. 6-8:30, Sat to 9:30, semi a la carte from \$3.95 to \$7.50. BA, MC.

POOR LAD'S RESTAURANT: 204 Crown St., New Haven, Conn. (203) 624-3163. Poor Lad's has become famous for its superb Continental food. It is just around the corner from the Schubert Theatre. L 12-3, D 6-10. DC, AE, CB.

LOS ANGELES

BENIHANA OF TOKYO: 16226 Ventura Blvd., Encino, Ca. (213) 788-7121. Southern California version of this fine renowned Japanese establishment.

BLA-BLA CAFE: 11059 Ventura Blvd. 769-8912. Very popular spot, open 7 nights a week serving food along with live entertainment.

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PENNSYLVANIA

MOUNTAINSIDE INN: River Rd. (Rt. 32), Point Pleasant, Pa. (Nine miles north of New Hope. (215) 297-5722. Lavish restaurant with All American-French Provincial menu. D Tues.-Thurs. 5-10 p.m., Fri. & Sat. 5-11 p.m. A la carte from \$4.95. AE, DC, MC.

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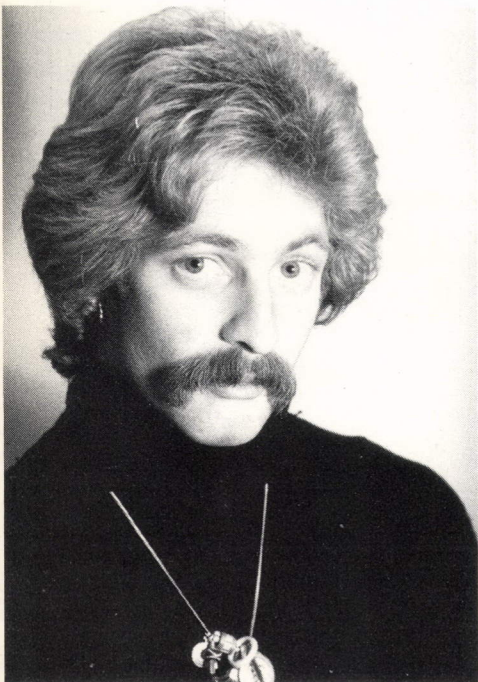
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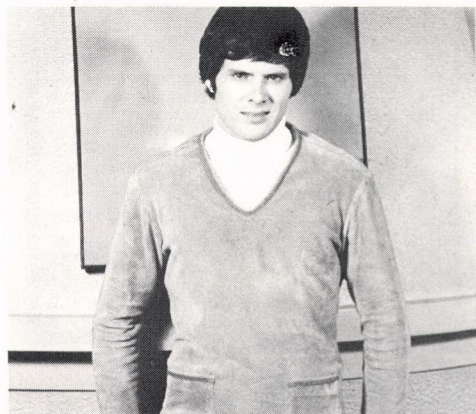
Wagner-Altman, Inc., is located at 130 West 30th Street in New York City.



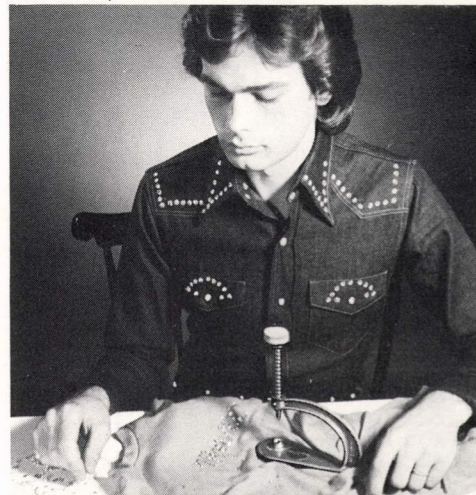
Bryan Marks, a hair stylist at Paul Mitchell's Superhair Shop, sports a new cut by Rick Garcia, also a stylist there. This dazzling new salon for men and women really gives its patrons the royal treatment—from photographing their hair to determine its quality to a finished coiffure. Paul Mitchell's Superhair is located at 52 East 58th St., N.Y.C.—open Monday through Saturday, 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. (Photo by Patrick Zack)



Michael David, Ltd., is a fascinating new line of skin care products for men that includes such items as Grapefruit After Shave, Avocado Moisturizer, a Mint Mask, and many others. For more detailed information, write to Michael David, Ltd., One Riverdale Ave., Riverdale, N.Y. 10463. (Photo by Rene Levant)



Ideal preparation for the energy crisis is the "Caribe" shirt. A new velour slipover, it is as warm as a sweater, all cotton and washable, and priced at \$19.50. Available in plum or camel in small, medium, or large sizes exclusively from Hob Hill, P.O. Box 2417, San Francisco, California.



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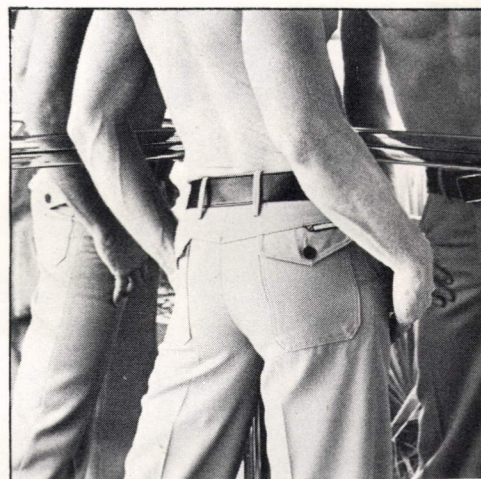
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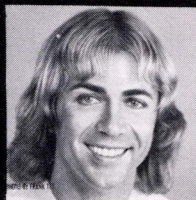
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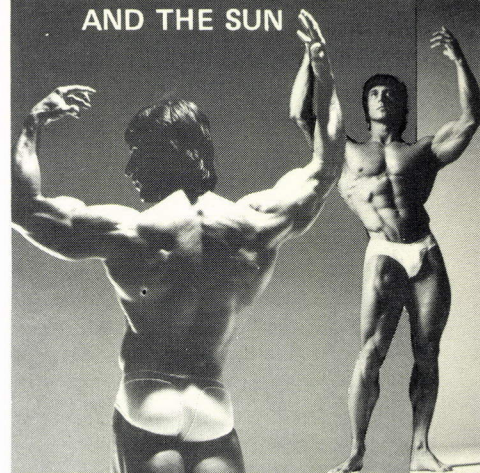
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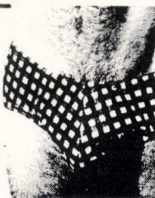
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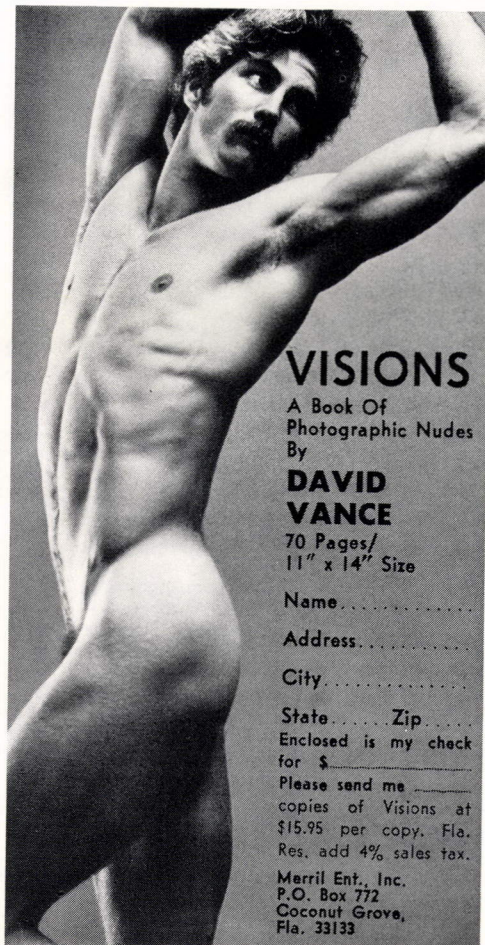
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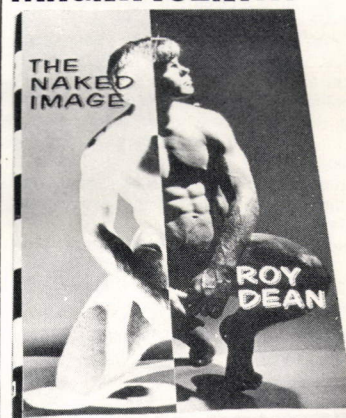
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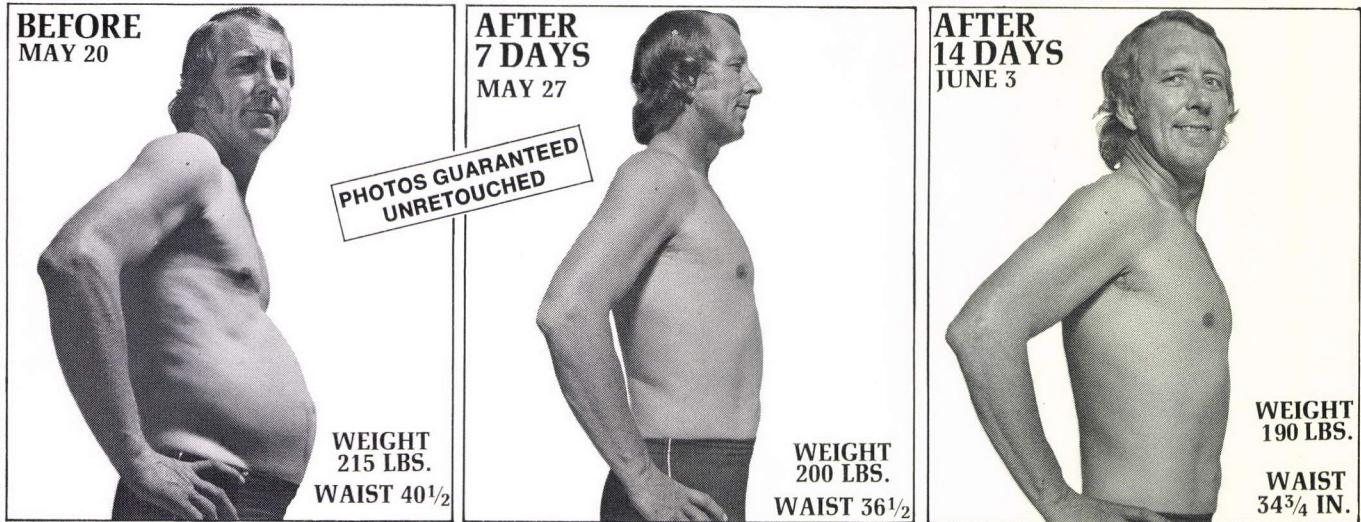
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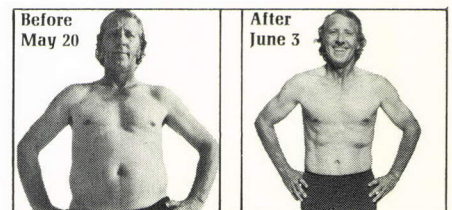
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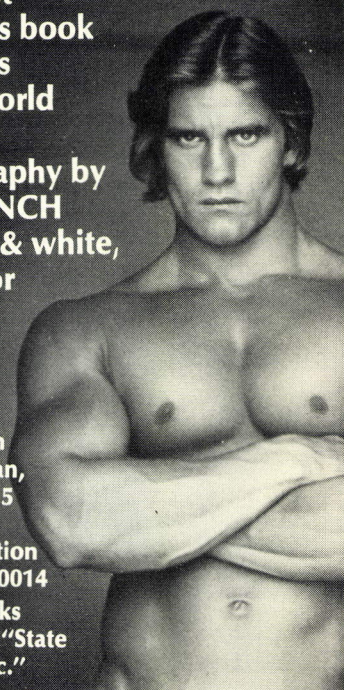
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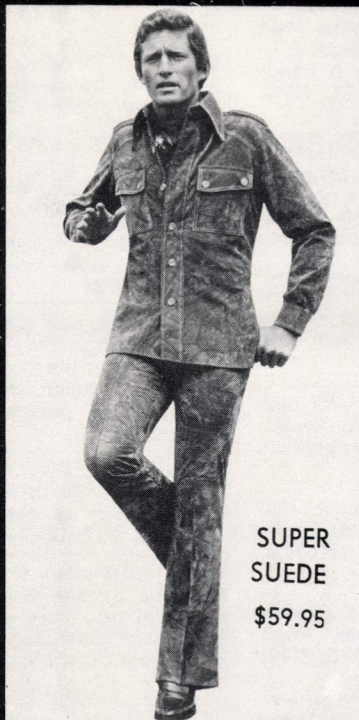


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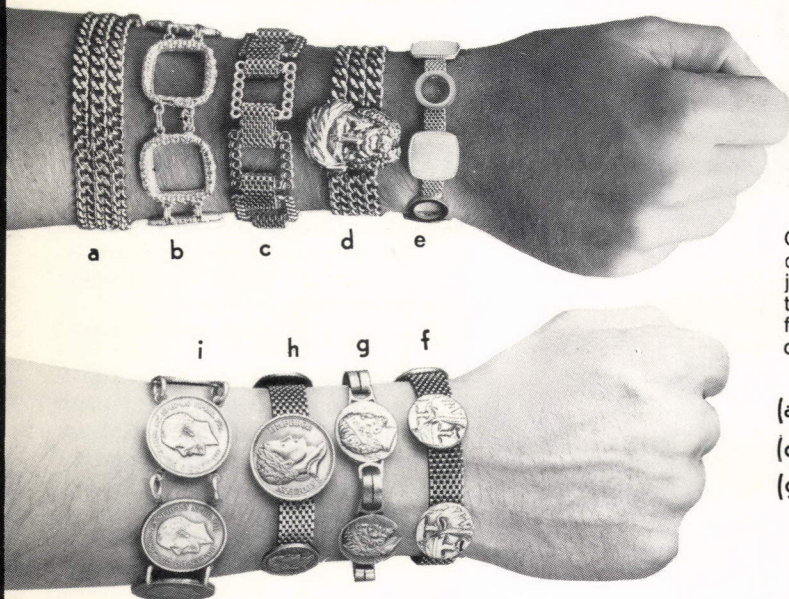


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Zoe Caldwell; Bill Claxton & Peggy Moffitt; Gloria De Haven.
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER**
Kander & Ebb; Sandy Duncan; Joe Orton; Milton Katselas.
- ☐ **OCTOBER**
Sylvia Miles; Burt Bacharach; Grace Bumbury; Polish Mime Ballet Theatre.
- ☐ **NOVEMBER**
Ben Bagley; The Playwrights Unit; Orlando Furioso; Terence McNally.
- ☐ **DECEMBER**
David Lean; Anne Revere; Paul Cadmus; American Ballet Theatre.

1971

- ☐ **JANUARY**
Ned Rorem; Maralin Niska; "Viva Les Girls;" Jean Voigt; Leonard Cohen.
- ☐ **FEBRUARY**
Madeleine le Roux; Bejart Ballet; Jane Trahey; Boris Karloff.
- ☐ **MARCH**
No, No, Nanette; Helen Gallagher; Dorothy Kirsten; Grand Funk Railroad.
- ☐ **APRIL**
Keith Baxter; Playwrights—Peter & Tony Shaffer; Sally Kellerman; Karl Bohm; Circus.
- ☐ **MAY**
After Dark Award Party; Claire Bloom; Ibsen; Bette Midler; Fortune & Men's Eyes; Follies.
- ☐ **JUNE**
Rae Allen; Stephen Sondheim; Bobby Short; Larry Kert; Misha Richter.
- ☐ **JULY**
Michael Douglas; Betsy Von Furstenberg; El Topo; Michael Allen.

- ☐ **AUGUST**
Godspell; Tennessee Williams; Richard Thomas; Ryan O'Neal; Maureen Stapleton.
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER**
Tom Ligon; Janis Joplin; Bert Lucarelli; Irene Dailey; Jimmy Webb.
- ☐ **OCTOBER**
Harvey Evans; Rod Stewart; Brenda Vaccaro.
- ☐ **NOVEMBER**
Julie Harris; Ron Field; Kennedy Center; The Boy Friend.
- ☐ **DECEMBER**
Cliff Gorman; Joan Blondell; Ike & Tina Turner; Jesus Christ Superstar.

1972

- ☐ **JANUARY**
Patrick O'Neal; Shirley Bassey; Lana Turner; Joan Shawlee; Jim Bailey; Siobhan McKenna.
- ☐ **FEBRUARY**
Alexis Smith; Johnny Mathis; Buster Crabbe; Cabaret.
- ☐ **MARCH**
Nicky Cortland; Joffrey Ballet; Renee Taylor; Ed Evanko; Scott Jarvis.
- ☐ **APRIL**
Cat Stevens; Sugar; Grace Slick; Joanne Baretta.
- ☐ **MAY**
Robert Shaw; After Dark Award Party; Vivienne Segal.
- ☐ **JUNE**
Dennis Cole; Lily Tomlin; Bob Fosse; Paul Williams; Netherlands Dance Theater.
- ☐ **JULY**
Fire Island Fashions; Al Pacino; Gene Tierney; Gore Vidal.
- ☐ **AUGUST**
Robert Redford; Burt Reynolds; Marilyn Monroe; Photo essay Dance Nude.
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER**
Tony Randall; Greta Keller; Robert Fryer.
- ☐ **OCTOBER**
David Bowie; Dory Previn; Marjoe; Joseph Hardy.

- ☐ **NOVEMBER**
Berlin to Broadway; George Cukor; Paul Lynde.
- ☐ **DECEMBER**
Ben Vereen; Bette Davis; Lady Sings the Blues; Anthony Dowell.

1973

- ☐ **JANUARY**
Bette Midler; Alice Cooper; Susan Hayward; Jeannie Berlin.
- ☐ **FEBRUARY**
Marlon Brando; The Changing Room; New Orleans.
- ☐ **MARCH**
Paul Newman; Leonie Rysane; Bobby Vee; Academy Awards.
- ☐ **APRIL**
Rod McKuen; Helmut Berger; Gilbert O'Sullivan.
- ☐ **MAY**
James Coco; Gary Glitter; Truman Capote; Celeste Holm.
- ☐ **JUNE**
After Dark Award Party; Opera in the Buff; Debbie Reynolds; Murray Head.
- ☐ **JULY**
Madeline Kahn; New Faces; "The Fagot"; "O Lucky Man!"
- ☐ **AUGUST**
John Huston; Michel Lee; Stanley Kramer; Bruce Pecheur.
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER**
Glenda Jackson; Gary Bond; Robert Duval; Cleo Laine; Photo Rock.
- ☐ **OCTOBER**
Special Music Issue; "Mame" — Lucy; "Lorelei; London's "Gypsy"; Kay Ballard; Fred Astaire; Ellen Greene.
- ☐ **NOVEMBER**
John Gavin; Arthur Laurents; Trintignant; Joffrey Ballet; John Appleton.
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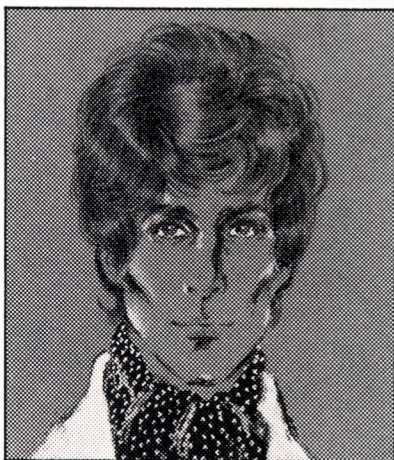
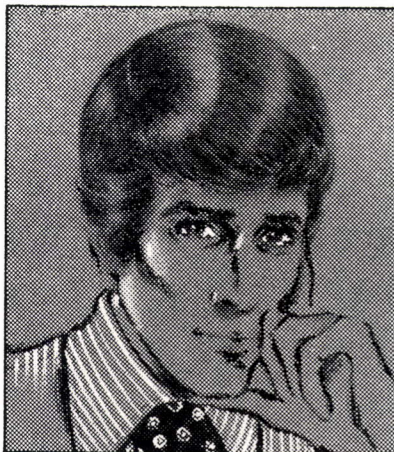
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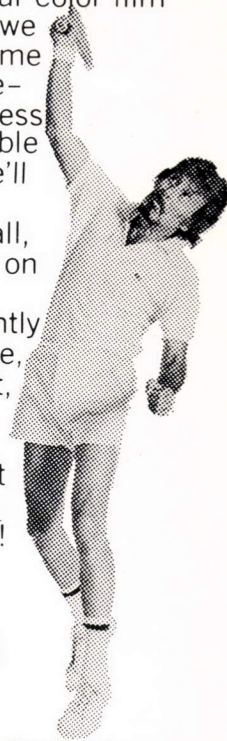
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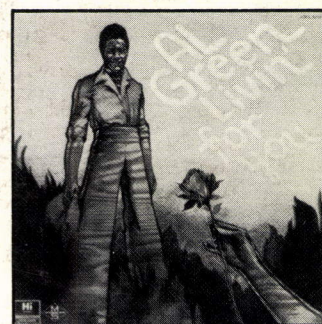
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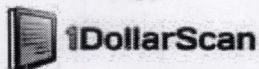
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